Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 62

The Shadow of the Goddesses

Preface:

Schoolchildren and entities- ‘Bloody Fingers’, the dark entity kept saying to me, over my bed. ‘Bloody Fingers!’ The dark entity kept saying to me. ‘Bloody Fingers!’ I am just a girl here trying to eat! Blood dripping, dripping, from its clocked hand. I am just a 9-year-old girl trying to COME! All day and all night we are hunted.

‘Bloody Fingers’ the dark entity kept saying to me. It gets a loader and loader! The more I pass him out of my mind. ‘I was starting to feel like they want

me… to say something.’ And then I hear… he cries out.

One girl screamed for her bunk bed- ‘Dude gets a band-aid!’

Just another night at the castle, as schoolchildren!

~*~

‘I used to ask what gives me the right to kill when I am still alive and now, they’re not… and I also reason about that now and reflect more, ponder and deliberate; and say well I am not alive- am I? So thus, the killing was never- ever wrong- was it?’

1

‘My eyes are not shining with the ghost of my past.’ Yes, it is true that- I arranged the order to have Lance killed, in life, why back when I am guilty- yet I was anyways for being an intent, so why not… and who is going to stop me from have justice when none was given in the past. I was ordered by Nevaeh, this old gray man with a long white beard said. Dementors all-around Trius was framed for it all.

Trius took the fall for Amsel’s dream boy, that could not do anything wrong- yet he was the one to do anything

and everything for them. Trius took the wrap- over being who he is, Read is the lance dad- so all is explained. It is a black night out and all you can see is the lightning bolts flashing free electricity around the from tower to tower, to power everything, power lines outdated for now 100 years.

The idea of this being 19th century yet realized, I truly love- when thinking about this- as I sit looking out the window. All this comes to mind over its October 31 one more year has passed Halloween, yet another night of sacrifice, with a feast, come offerings of children. Skulls litter the land, the courtyards, held

in the hands of the children are the head of their ancestors, flaming candles, flicker, on their bone craniums, dripping with hot white wax.

Dressed in classic genuine black cloaks- remembering the history of the Fomorians. ‘The night of the demeans, a night of a blood moon.’ I was not even sure I wanted to see more killing, I have done, passed- and remorse enough over the years in this type of faith. This all appalls to the spirits from hell, having large bone firers and killing off some of the young. ‘The dance of the bones.’ One-star shins into light the killings… Virginia girls all under the age of 10 this year to

ensure are lasting to our God, one being me, Nevaeh. Then she whispered this line, I am just a ‘Shadow of the God.’

Naddalin said- ‘your book was the first thing that was brought over to the unfamiliar words and these new planets, it is the bible to these people. And you are the God, what's wrong with you?’

‘Everything that was past life has become your word and your teachings, to them and they see life through you!’ Naddalin said just moments after the last thing she muttered.

(That night daydreaming, as a day became night, as I have done all my lives.)

Funny, something that came to my mind, drifting back into to time, like always- I was remembering the finding the gold under a tower, yet I am the one that found it, it was in the middle of tower seven of Kinzua bride, marked by a missing anchor plat, that was placed there by the train robber, his name Trius, almost seeing this pay in my mind as it did that night, after robbing the same train that is laying on the valley floor, after a spectacular crash at that point crashing from the height the same of The

Empire State Building, as it was over my head rattling coming and pushing forces far more then it could take. The steam engine- flying, steaming, wheels turning, flaming- evil-looking… 30 cars pull with its last fall, the screams of all the passengers know they are going to dye, hitting the ground at 94 miles per hour.

Only one car was left- on the other far end the North End, the end that was next to my old home, the same car that Jenny was drawn to, in her death, as the viaduct claimed yet another young life, the same side that I would walk on, to look down- thinking. I had to be crazy to wake all over this thing with nothing

holding me, no nets, and wind of 90 miles-per-hour, at any given moment. Seeing the tracks hanging down- and walking them not caring if I fall.

The old locative orange rusting away from the number still there, 38, below twisted within and around, the lags of the edifice, way up on the top only one old car still up there about roughly- 1,000 feet (about the height of the Empire State Building) in the air- and now and then I see the face of a young girl looking at me, yet now only existing in my memories of all things past, I have been there many times- above and below- and in the car itself- yet my people will only hear my

tails of this story- and live their lives by my spoken words- like something holy- I don’t understand, after the claps, the famous red cowcatcher still showing its code of paint, faded lack lusted, like my mind, like my life, like the stories.

I could see the speeding train come on to the bride too fast for it to take as eleven towers started to give, it was leaning out more than five degrees to the eastern side, ready to tip, over Trius removed the or snapped the callers that held the legs down to the foundations snapping the 1888 anchor blots to that tower, finally, the glow of the headlamp coming, the lights of the car windows in a

soft luminosity, the driver going fare to fast for the viaduct to take, in fled; a dark and cloudy night- all the trees dusted with light fluffy snow- fairies in the air spinning in the light of my lantern as I hold like a hermit, the wind blowing out the wick of my soft glowing light- as a cold cyclone moves in recklessly, up in the fog the lights of the cars so far up overhead, rattling my ears and encases. The fifty-grand that I lived my life on and published my first copies of my books with.

‘Kinzua hangs between the mountains like a frozen echo in time, then the parallels that have now converge with

the bridge as it deserves into the light, skies falling in the case around then covering the ground, the day becomes night; below the steam flows as emotionless as paint as the low clouds start to hang above. The distances smear trees to shades of green… yet cover by increasingly white. The viaduct hums by the wind like fingers strumming its steel. The metal sings as if it could feel, as if locomotive are ghost drummers of mighty thunder, going accursed the ties as it hives and trills. It deceives like the reminiscences of the Pullman car contra, rival foresees like recollections, like the snowflakes that well fall forever- and

whenever, in the conjures of the past that one stood, strong and tall, lasting in nothing more than endangers.’

2

Madame Pearl has taken final death, I was thinking about that too, the seas will never be the same. Her so was consolidated with this one… and we have taken on all the kids for the past and keep the history alive. That was a good death that I did. Think about the good and bad.

Ms. Molinah is the head professor of the marine biology program and magic of underwater studies - I was thinking about- this and that, Chiaz Naztherth that

crazy boy and unpredictable at times, and is now- the head of the departments of those students, that once lived under the enchanted seas.

Yes, it is true I kill, I had KING WHELK OF LASSINIA, slaughtered- the story has he been found in the- boiler of a steam train, under another name- and was lit-up. All I must do is get in their head, and assassination is easy. The girl did not even- did not even know what she was doing. Ha, it is so sick to me is amusing, anything for power. Dearest Lurleen, got over it, when she was asked to back down- or fail death would come. A just payback, something I never thought I

would do- yet have. Yet I am the Supernatural being to Idol. I have the right to end, life afterlife and the afterlife alike.

LASSINIA is now just an underwater world- a city that remands memories, lost in a book, that I have written- just stories within our religion. Millennialism after the end of Earth, I rewrote the bible, and all past believes have gone away- all they have is my impressions- and what faith is for my people, this understanding is just one part of the seven underworlds of the afterlife, and I am the height Deity for all this. Tangibleisom is being alive, and

Zenthisom is the seven-spiritual enlightenment of nirvana.

‘I don’t feel holy, yet I wanted to be or feel, the love of blunt that.’ This increased my week's thoughts. ‘THEY THINK ME AS THE CREATOR OF EVERYTHING, this is a lie.’

Yet, I have no way of explaining everything in a book, and all of life's starts and the end is too horrifying- yet it lies in my mind- goes figure, that why paces are missing. Everything for Earth was moved and has progressed, just like before with two of two- I did the same for them. It was the right thing to do, yet

death- is death. No most are here lost- and I gave a home to those too, I remember what it was like… not to have a tender home, and that is what I was going for. Everyone from that story now is dead in life and lost here for as long as forever could be to the next forever.

3

(I was thinking back)

The four girls always had their eyes on me, I loosely sad this for years, and I also so said what they were, yet I knew that no one would believe me; they were able to transfigure, for girls into blackbirds' crows. They were always

swarming around me and picking at my flash when I was alive until I was bloody. If they could get into my eyes, I am sure they would have, no they saved that for Emmah, to get at me.

Scarier to me than the faceless children that are parts of our world, that are the child killed by abortions' those souls come here, over the mother.

~*~

(My girlfriends)

‘Lifers, they were…’ I peer into all the memories, shaking my head as I stop at a traffic light, not even understanding how I got this far along. Walking with no

idea I was, I stopped looking at the Markey above me. And then spinning into my sight was Naddalin- and then wings flapped and then laid down to her sides.

'High-speed flight. Yes…?'

'Yes,' Naddalin- said replaying back.

Let us see a show with a full three acts with a definite beginning, middle, and end, as we used to. It is not like you Naddalin, to want to spend time with me anymore.

'Why are you being so nice?'

I am not pretending it is anything more than it is, am I?

'Elody- the story of a star girl...' it said above me.

‘Sounds more like a prison term than a happily ever after- really glum, yet that is how girls like lives go.’

It is like we have an expiration date, and this play made me re-think life, you know- and it is just my time- ideas, and the try overs- I will see you again, things, I promise you- I will? You are different, your lifers- even if forbidden.’ Sound like any girl's life... why is she crying...? Said Nevaeh.

‘You know what I mean don’t you.’

She inspects her shape on the stage- and looks at Naddalin, and said this reminds me of a girl I knew.

'Who you…?' Naddalin asked.

Looking at her hands and getting into a trance; turning her hot-pink nails the way and that, with her hands.

‘It’s just that you are so in tune with each other, so connected. And you see the life of a girl, that is the same as you, whispered a girl behind them.'

-And-

'I mean that- literally by the way since you’re always going at it; and we like to know you, without really knowing you…'

'Like- who are you…'

The same girl, she puts her finger up to her lip and says- 'sh-h.'

The play is over, I do not say a word, just let a single tear roll down from my left eye and walk away. Now at that moment then, we were back on the streets, at twilight, I thought you said you do not feel anymore, I swallow hard, waking fast the second the light turns from not showing the hand, as it would

look like days in my remembrances of the past even before I was alive, something I wanted to remember was the romance of the cities of the past, and that what I did.

At that very moment crossing the intersection with a loud screech of cars wheels looking as if for the Style in The Jazz Age of The Roaring- 1920's, yet still have the best of technologies- I thought this to be best- when the world made sense, and time was slower, stopping for us to go to the walkway, and leaving a thick trail of rubber behind them- on brick. Work was work, living was living, and time was everything that was both, and that is what I wanted for my world.

An old loving feel... and caring for all, humble, yes, yet the dark is still 'around, and there is nothing I can do about that.

But even after I sat still for a moment to think she was nowhere to be found. Besides, I am about to climb a wall in a panic, and now I feel a wisp of wind and Naddalin was gone- all I saw was the fast flash of wings, I was wondering where she could be when she appears right beside me and hands me a new teddy bear- and I blink- blink and blink once more- looking as I did when I was a young girl, her hand in mine, after that

moment, I think like- I think that I have blacked out a moment or two there.

Refusing to slow at all, to the fast feelings of love, until we run into a parking lot, and I scan her eyes for what I was longing for- lost in the eyes then looking with in to fall for that mind yet once more, she was next to me always- and she is starting to show it, by being ever-so-sweet.

She asks, glancing at me and her and slings her backpack over her shoulder.

Naddalin nods.

‘A hundred and ten dollars.’

'Um- are you crazy, some would say yes, that I am, just like you… right?'

Naddalin laughs at that very moment.

‘Don’t forget, it was fully customized just like your one from the past when you were a little girl.’

‘We could rent tickets… a steam paddleboat to cross the river, to get home?’ Emmah, always said we should do this- it is romantic no? The big wheel and hold hands looking at the golden waves splashing to the flickers and the pulling's of the lights on the ripples of the waters from the city- as we move down the river

to the villages- and then home to the castle. And that is what they did, very much in love.

Lying in bed, with the teddy bear- she stares at her eyes practically bugging out of her head, unable to understand how anyone could do such a thing-why anyone would do such a thing, as buy one. With the connivance and trust of my hand and hand understanding I thence, feel into slumber- with a memory that was hoping to stand the test of time, within my head. Yet short thoughts too long flashbacks were something that was always an issue.

(The next day came as the light came in through the spilled pains of my windows- ten feet away from my bed.)

‘…And we have to look at the locals and be the same even if not- we have wings- that they need not see- and do as they do- without looking strange.’

‘Um, okay, so let me get the traditional looking dress on- as they would have one, I like this one it is burgundy timed in gold- fabric light and airy strands flutter around her body as if in the wind gust, hang from the corset, and when we go out today, we could see a lot more- she said.

‘So-o you just woke up and decided- to hurry and do and think this all before asking, what the hell?’ 'Even though I love it,' said Naddalin. Even your golden halo is showing and glowing and pulsating, face fare to angelic for this world, and lips also light shades of pink- her light brown hair glowing to the suns lights in honey tones blowing in the breeze- skin light fleshy hints of light young youthful pink casts, and shimmering as well, to the world people around you or don't you care about exposing our world to them anymore?

Soft like the movement of pastel colors of paint smudging the sky around

her small body- looking just like Willow Shields, eyes have changed color from blue to green, wings outspread absorbing the light, gray into vivid white feathery, teddy bear embraced in both arms. Nevaeh Never looked ever more- GODDESS. The wings are changing back she said, is if you are finding hope and experiences, no longer the look of the FULLEN.

'It’s all because of you,' she said to Naddalin.

Naddalin shrugs, saying ‘Pretty much’- with an attitude, and deep love for her than ever finding her new hope

within. ‘You have a locked-in faith…’ she said.

‘…And the people around here are not like back home, here you can be your best and happiest ever- I feel this for why like- I am in your mind always.’

Nevaeh- ‘Some call that love, mind to mind.’

‘Because in case you have not noticed,’ she says, practically hyperventilating now, 'things are starting to work out for you.' As if it were to hex, the moment to come, she said sheepishly.

‘Some of us are a little deprived like you were in the past, yet now not so

much and it all over you- being you and finding yourself and making good to your worlds and people, and all the children of the school- you role' said, Naddalin, I just said today, that I would get you to- relax- even if just for the lest little time.'

'Some of us were born to parents- some kings- some queens, and some Godets of the angles, some even born to lose, to then win, like you, so cruel is the world until you saved them all, you should be incredibly happy with yourself, and unusual they're forced to rely on the kindness of friends for the rest of their lives- and hope for a higher power as you give them, thank you- for seeing the light-

and I help you- is thrilling to me, and yes, I would take the gift of your happiness- thanks!' Said Naddalin.

'Sorry.' Naddalin shrugs, about that- yet you did get all that you wanted and more. 'Guess- I hadn't thought about that. Nevaeh thought back and Naddalin heard within her mind.

Though if it makes you feel any better- you had loved all along you just did not want to believe that was so-o, it was all for a particularly worthy cause, what you did and have done over all these years.'

(She gives double thumbs up!)

...And a very wide smile with her head turned to the one side as if making a timeless painting pose.

And when she looks at me, eyes meeting mine in that way that she has, along with the usual wave of warmth, I get the horrible feeling that ditching in the past is just the start of her plans- for world rulings, to get to know me better- I had to reprogram her mind, lost minds and walking is much better than ever before.

5

‘How would you get to school- in your past, did you start to walk?’ I ask,

just as we reach the front gate where Haven is waiting, sometimes took the train as you- she points at Haven and walked and walked… the bus was detectable and as memorable as the town itself.

‘She rode the train?’

‘That was not in your story if I remember, you should add it in.’ Said Naddalin, in a whisper.

Haven then glances between us, she recently dyed and has fallen even lower, her bangs falling into her face, to make herself look normalized to the rest of the world looking at her.

‘I kid you not; I would not have believed it either, but I saw it with my own eyes she was now an angle darker than ever with her wings- yet tremendously gorgeous, she was classed as a girl forever.

Watched our footing as we climb right into the big steamer train, with all the other kids- real freshmen, dorks, retards, and rejects- who that were all like us- as we were in the remembrances of the times past, then again unlike us now, now that we are older and see life to its fullest and have wisdom, and some common sense, have no other choice but

to ride, in this car, all others are full to their fullest.'

She shakes her head, saying do not say it is the same- reason with yourself does not say it even if true, why everything you just said to me I need to believe is true, Naddalin.

'Um- like is it true,' asked Haven, 'you used your gold bars as bricks in parts of the world to line the sidewalks and streets, you have made as pavers out of your wealth- and your people walk paths of gold bars... over you had so much gold you did not know what to do with it all?'

'Yes, yes, it is!'

'Why?'

'Why not?'

It only has worth to me, and not them... just something- I wanted to change.

‘And I was so shocked by the sight of it, I blinked a bunch of times just to make sure it was streets of gold- like a distant memory of stories of the past she made them true.

And then, when I still was not convinced that this was not her idea, I snapped a pic on my cell and sent it to

Jon-John who confirmed it, with an old text that was called. Revelations the ends of the world, the only part of the bible that was kept knowing where I need to go and be to save us, said Nevaeh.'

She held it up for us to see, and she read it was old and ripped at tattered pages. This is dark and odd what happened. Therefore, you became their God, right? Yet I will never say that I am the return, yet I am the chosen one. I am the Godets... not God. 'I never wanted to be worshiped- or thought of as the Queen of Queen's.'

Nevaeh- ‘I never wanted bloodshed or war, over me.’

‘Just love, and pace.’ Said Haven.

‘Why… why is the question in the story that needs means the most in answering that leads to more questions.’

That night, in the girls sitting room- I glance at Naddalin, wondering what she could- be up to, and that is when I notice she is ditched her usual cashmere sweater in place of a plain cotton tee, and how her designer jeans have been replaced with no-name plain pockets, her early look as she calls it.

'One thing I never got, with your story, was its sad Anna Kendrick was held against, and this is true, by that nut- you said this yourself- your life was made into a movie, yet it was not Anna that played you- at all it was Willow. I ask was your number one fan.'

'Anna was more like Emmah.' said Naddalin. 'Yet that is what always happens in moves, things change.

Nevaeh- 'It was- Willow's first time- having the key role... and she did it- and it was huge around the world!'

Even the brown boots she is famous for have been swapped for girlie rubber flip-flops.

And even though she does not need any of that flash and dash to look as incredibly beautiful as the first day we met- the new low-key look is just- not her- I thought, or is it better?

Or at least not the 'girl' - that I am so-o used to.

I mean, while Naddalin is incontrovertibly smart, kind, loving, and generous- and all, she is also a hint more colorful and otiose at times.

Always preoccupied with her clothes, her image in general- along with smarts. Now she has the looks and the smarts, and I have her- and we both are the same.

Also, do not even try and pin her down on her exact date of birth, since for someone who chose to be immortal, she has a definite multi-layered past of not remembering things deep things that are ever-so hidden, and points of view and perspectives about her age- to use she is always the same age of the young teen girl. I do not mind changing bodies if I have her and her- in- me- all the way, a girl can be.

Nonetheless, even though- I normally could not care less about the clothes she wears or her ride to school look either- or the train trip style, when I look at her again, I get the horrible chink in my belly- an unrelenting push, demanding my notice- to love-dream, drift off in thoughts of lust.

A definite warning that she is merely just at the beginning of making me crazy for her. Nope, she has something to do with last night.

That the sudden transformation goes deeper than some cost-cutting,

altruistic, environmentally conscious agenda.

Something, about being haunted by her karma is now over; convinced that giving up her most prized possessions- even me in the past, will somehow balance it all out and she can live in solitude, with me- Naddalin, and if trouble arises, that I will stand in for her place. ...It is a war of minds. Sometimes- the body and always taken of the soul!

‘Shall we go- the steam whistle blows?’ She smiles, grasping my hand the second the bell rings of the train, the wetness of the steam and coal dust

cinders, blows around us as the wheels spin and slip three times, leading me away from Emmah and Haven, who stay on the platform, at the station who will spend the next three phases of their time writing notes back and forth, about seeing us and hoping for the next time they do and that there missing us already, trying to determine what is up with Naddalin. (Yet we already know… don't we?)

I look at her, her gloved covering hand in mine as we heard down the hall, whispering, 'What's going on, with Naddalin others were thinking, I am sure? What happened to you?' (You and I

know... yet to the outside world they do not.)

Three girls' hands and hands going down the sidewalk... look at us and say thank you for changing the minds of the world.

‘I already told you.’ She shrugs her hold body. ‘I don’t need it, this for others about being the change they need yet it's nice. It’s an unnecessary sympathy, I no longer care to indulge really.’ Odd how this all worked out...

She giggles, looking at me smiling. But when I do not join in, she sinkers more and shakes her head and

says, ‘Do not look so serious, you get the glory. And I get you, and peace of mind, it is a good trade-off.

It is not a big deal. When- I realized it is not something, I need- to have to feel complete, we walked out of a depressed area, to have all this, I would not change a thing, and I left my pride, behind, along with most of my money by the side of the road where someone can find it, that needs it more than myself.’ Yet with me, they should not need, and neither should I.

'We were always smarter than them, always.' she holds up her girlfriend's hands.

I press my lips together and stare straight ahead, know at any time I can climb inside her mind, and see the thoughts she keeps all to herself, and find the underlying cause of what the is about, I understand her more than anybody else.

Nonetheless, notwithstanding the way she looks at me, despite the dismissive shrug that she gives, nothing she is said makes the least bit of sense- yet that was always the way she was and

is. And- I love that, it is crazy; yet ever-so right.

‘Well, that’s fine and all, I mean, if that’s what you need to do, then great, have fun- as you always said, and I think it's really sweet- also you're a given person.’ I shrug, fully convinced that it is not at all great, though knowing better than to say it aloud. I find a moment of contentment, walking into the sunset.

(Sometimes have passed)

Love, even to this day, is more lust than they can take to keep apart. Nevaeh and Naddalin, as their date continued. Then in the castle, in the

restated book sections, with only the glow of soft lantern lights.

The smell of old paper, and leather bindings. They started to make love against, the library shelves which creaked with their movement, all the old volumes falling for the other sides. Then over 40 of them all land to the ground, wide open- all from the same writer, his name on the covers, it is common enough at such times to fantasize arriving enjoyed her slight weight on her, enjoyed being crushed under her small body.

I wanted to kiss her forever, and then, I removed all thoughts about what

this was, what it might mean, what further mess passion was why I might create for myself. or the thoughts of anyone else. She wanted her soldered to her, from mouth to feet. Many shivers shake and chills run past and through her body, and she is alike.

I kissed her until true thoughts seeped out through my pores and I became a living pulse, enjoyed being crushed under her body while toiled. She wanted her soldered to her, from mouth to feet, conscious only of what I wanted to do to her.

She enjoyed all her- the weight she gives. Naked now, she lay her full length over her; only the united beat of sex and heart together can create ecstasy, of their private parts entertained rubbing one another. ...And then we were crashing around the little railway Pullman cars finding the right tracks, all hands, and lips and, oh, God, the scent and taste and feel of her.

Twisting each button below, kissing hands and fingers, shivers passed through her body. When she closed her eyes, she felt she had many hands around her, which touched her everywhere, and many mouths kissed the same, which

passed so swiftly over her. Fingers soft, running his finger along her breastbone.

At last, with an angle sharpness of heavenly, then her teeth sank into each other's fleshiest parts. Likewise, kissing her just above her pubic bone, she slipped two fingers inside her, the darkness swirling around her small hole. Not only did she spit and like is my girl hole and spilled into two lines parted, but she also did the same to my butt hole, too. -It felt so good-!

And, then I licked the clear goo-ing girlie-come off her two longest fingers, that thick wetness, was bridging

between them playfully, and at that moment was far too tantalizing not to try, that she had in front of my face to show me, as she was making scissors fingers of the goo-ing, of her warm love.

When her shirt finally feels open, she studied her, then touched her breasts. Could not have cared less if she thought the same things or way- Naddalin licked her nipples, then moved his lips slowly down her stomach, minds locked in the moment was more than any other thoughts they had. It was the love of the mind more than a body.

Then supreme Naddalin who has the mind of Nevaeh within her body, as if placement flip-flopped, runs out into the hard-pouring rain, nude for the love they made just moments before with no care in the world other than love and freedom of expression.

Her arms to the graying cloud-covered skies above. then she takes a full 1 billion volts in a white cracking blot of lighting to their head, as her wings are outstretched, (I scream saying run, yet she stands unmoved.)

Then the oddest thing happens as if she has dissipated all the power if the

blot into her body as more power to keep her alive for that many years, the wings of her body arching with extreme voltage, wildly wrapping around the feathers of the wings, themselves, she was glowing with power, and it was going into her mind- as energy for remembrance. The clock tower bells ring- out the time of midnight.

Then moments after she and Naddalin went into the steamy Roman bathhouse, with nude cherub angels playing Instruments, that is enchanted and welcoming to use, in soft white stone, lined all around the pool edge along with two lion and lamb statues also animated,

with many fire bowls, likewise with many cascading glasses of waterfalls falling on young bodies.

The bathhouse is enclosed by walls, yet open to the skies above in twinkling stars. Also, light by flaming lanterns, with the backlights of many arched stain glass windows, lining the length of the long room shin and sheening many assorted colors, that are dancing on the young nude little girls ages- seven and up to twenty-five, over one hundred nude schoolchildren were waking and bathing around them in the shallow 3-foot hot waters.

Nudity is not something that well has a shame of in this world, not even thought of as wrong, and why should it be? Multi-colored roses were all around inside and out, everything lush, fervent, keen, passionate, vehement, zealous, and most agog.

Naddalin and Nevaeh the two of them having crazy humping movements of not being able to stand not having it and making the pussy kissing together, as both their legs apart and prevents touching to the point of smashing down on and in, in lovemaking in the morning's hours, as her hip molds with her hip, kissing like as the meet.

The soft skin that Naddalin has those hands no more than two inches from herself have been now rubbing and going in Nevaeh, her love now dripping into the 0.5906 inches, or 1.5-centimeter tight pink opening of the vaginal hole, worm and lustful.

(The next day)

Let us get out of here and go shopping. We have earned it.

I gape, shaking my head- um I do not think so-o, I hardly could believe my ears. And since when do you worry about cost, Missy.

She looks at me, amused by my surge of lighter, which is not exactly the reaction I had prearranged on.

‘But just how are you planning to get around now that you’ve ditched the train and don't have a ride?'

'I mean, in case you haven’t noticed, this is not back home where you can run around freely, what do you plan on doing, you can’t get anywhere without having a motorbike, would you like to rent one?’

‘Like- I am some shallow, money-oriented, self-absorbed, buyer-driven snob?’

I thought you would already know this.

‘No!’ I cry, shaking my head and squeezing her hand.

Hoping to convince her even though, I did mean it- not being mean yet truthful in a way of conveying. Only not in a slumber way like she thinks, or you even would feel- like.

Then just like the words ‘KILL, KILL, I- WE Kill the final time, pay attention played hauntingly in her head, yet it was in the mind of Naddalin, and then transfer at the same time in the mind of Neveah linked. ‘Nothing to worry

about, just past evils that well never give up.’ Said Nevaeh.

‘Always something or someone to end the moments,’ said Nevaeh. At one time, she had my old boyfriend appreciates the finer things in life kind of thing, and she has always taken a man's place with me in my heart, and less in my girlfriend’s mind to I worry anymore about them, now she is the version I have of safety and comfort of what I am looking for in that kind of way, even if a girl. 'She is my rock!'

‘I just- UM.’

I squinted, wishing I could be even half as eloquent as her. Yes, still forging ahead when I say, ‘I guess some just don’t get it, we never feel love like we have- and I feel sadden for them.’ I shrug at her, eyes meeting. I raise her ruby and diamond-covered hand intertwined with gold, with all the chain she had that crisscross overtop to where I can see the top of her hand to kiss, to make her feel even safer with me. (Contentment is everything with some else, I always thought.)

The bonds between ourselves and another person belong only in our minds. Memory, as it grows fainter, loosens

those times before- your own keep or not, and not without trying to keep the good, the bad sometimes creep over top of other evils wanting to still your joy, the illusion by which we want to be a hoax and which, out of love, friendship, politeness, deference, obligations, we hoax other induvial, we exist alone.

A woman like us is the creature who cannot escape from herself, and her past, who knows other people only in herself, and when she asserts the contrary, she is lying. ...And that is how, I look at her past my past, and what is in the past, making less tragic recalling's of

all things that are now past. Alleged Naddalin.

Whispered thoughts of the mind- ‘The bonds between ourselves and another person exists only in our minds.' Recalling things in life and the afterlife may not always be the same as you once remembered.

Ha, grief is what develops the powers of the mind, and happiness is just a state of it like grief as well, yet happiness is beneficial for the body, but it is sadness that makes the brilliants of mind.

‘The true meaning to us of how little time and place matters is the feeling of undying love.’ That was what Nevaeh said back to me in my mind.

That night in the middle of the night, I walked along the wall of macabre young girl bones- of hips, arms, legs, and heads, oh my- of 4-foot-high, remembering death for some, it is just the way it is, death is death even in the afterlife. Bodies only last so long, and only I can last for all time.

Then I started thinking about a girl that I knew, that was close to my hometown, like touching her bones that

lay here, with all the others, she may not have made it as one of us, fallen yet her story is worth sharing.

The story oddly starts long before she was born.

‘December 9, 1930, I slowly opened my eyes, to the world of the wandering around me, kicking and screaming like a newborn hearing, my name for the first-time, Giovanni.’

‘Um- to tell you the truth, I don’t remember, if my dad was there or not, my mother never- ever- like really said, along with not saying much about it, mainly for

he was hard at work for the money was not there, for us you see we- were poor.'

'Oh, yes, it's a- exceedingly small Italian town called: Pettorano Sul Gizio.'

'I remember my dear sweet mother telling this story, and my older brother as well, of how she gives birth to me in a one-bedroom house, or most would call a wooden shack, that what- an I call it.'

'Not to be too graphic, but- a, her legs were all- an apart onto hay bales, she was crying louder and louder, then I was, back in those days you did NOT have

anyone there, like to help with this kind of thing, it just happens.’

‘I am lucky to be-a here with you now.’ He spoke.

‘My life was hard, but- a worth it, I cannot- complain really.’

‘One- I am an Italian American.’

‘Two- I am- a getting older and feel, that- an I have lived a good life.’

‘It’s all an articulate plan of happiness and sad moments, lost in time really with me, hey what can- I say, they're all in my mind still…’

‘Um yes, even at the time-worn age of eighty-five years young.’

‘Sometimes, I look at these kids coming up and think to myself, how things have changed, like me, also, I cannot- a spell or write much, yet that doesn’t mean, that I am not smart.’

‘Unlike you- I can’t use a computer, I wouldn’t even know how to turn one on, yet- a, that is okay.’

‘Um- you live, and you learn, as you go.’

‘Come what may for another day, and who- is to say what stays with you forever, and never go away.’

‘Even old age can’t take that away.’

‘It is locked in your memories; all you have to do is find a way to get them out.’

(He looks at me…) ‘That is why you’re here, writing all my stories of stories down in this book you say you can write for me.’

(I will do that for you…) I spoke.

‘What can I- say, when I was a three year of age, I was living with my grandmother, there was a complication, that made it hard to part with my mother,

yet it was- what had to be done, at the time.’

‘She was overworked and working for all of us, and just could not keep up, with it all health-wise.’

‘I remember, the winters they were so-o cold it felt like a knife cutting open your face.

‘Yet, nothing like here in the small town of Hasting's Pennsylvania, as you can see, I am a-talking to you in my little apartment- it is a nice, no?’ (Yes, yes- it is...) I whispered.

(I glanced and said also: ‘I' am glad to be talking with you.’

I- was sitting there with a 1911 Underwood Typewriter curiosity not sure what he would say next.’

‘I look outside with him, it's nice here, yet not at all like back when I was a small boy, climbing the tree for the hell of it and picking things off it all to eat- yes know.’

‘Um plus just see how high I could go.’

‘I went back with my mother at the age of ten or so, we didn’t have much at all-you see.’

‘I really… loved being a child, yet that did not last long… Speaking of that,

like- we sleep all together on the floor on leaves and grass.’

‘With an open firebox in the middle of the one-room place, my dad used to make his charcoal, laying wood, mud, and levels together.’

(Ah- hum…) I said, frantically typing away. Remember, nights where I was, that I wish, I'd had something to cover with yet did not-a.’

‘I remember, wearing the same outfit from the age of ten until my teen years back.’

‘Yes, surely as you could imagine full of holes and not smelling the best

really.’ ‘There was no shit house, you found some random bush, and wiped with the left hand.’

(NICE!) is what I said, raising a brow.

‘That is too much, yet it is absolutely true, he said, sighing.’

‘Funny, it’s like- I could see my dad up in the hills… doing this… he shows the movement, of cutting down these big old trees.’

‘It was kind of like his job, yet nobody works, and the work you did want really for the dollar, it was to keep life-going- yes, see?’ Though, I had a tough

time making a living… my dad had a little harder than me… yet, I wonder that now.’

(Say more about him) I alleged.

‘What can- I say, he was a good man, though with a lot of things, you have to let the past behind you, and sometimes loved one also.’

7

(Tree- limb)

‘I remember, the one time, I and this young girl, where she and I went to high, and the branch broke snapping it off… with me… and my small arms

hanging on it, I nearly fall on my ass and broke it, I did.’

‘Idiota Ragazzo,’ she said.

(Her)

‘My Grannie was not at all pleased with me, it was like a twenty-foot drop or so-o.’

‘What-a can I say, I was the rough and ready type of younger 'Ragazzo' a-boy?’

‘Sorry- for me speaking so broken, as you see, I never really learn how to read or write so- 'good.'

What- smarts I-a got I tough- myself.’

‘I mean look at me now, I am and an older man.’

‘Yet, look at this photo, see what I once was, look at the black hair, I once had, not- a so much there now, oh well what- a can you do that’s- a life.’

‘Maybe they’ll let me get my Cadillac back and I get can- an out and see the world one more time, as you see my days are getting shorter, yet I feel good.’

‘You know, I have all loved the Cadillac- my first was a 1962 Deville,

nothing like the shitty looking things we have today.’ ‘Oh-well- at- this point… I don’t have anything to my name, and I am still not sure, what I want to be printed on my headstone… that's- a life too no?’

‘Life is amazingly full of wonder, slander, and sometimes hurt- you’ll see what I mean.’

‘Just start calling me John, everybody does.’

‘Um- yet once again, that’s- a life, it goes by so fast- kid, look at- you-you're- young and have so much to see.’

‘It’s just the name that stuck with me over the years, I don’t-a know why,

just a good English sounding name- ah- so I went with it, kind of thing.'

'I remember, spending my teen year in Rome, kind of on my own, yet, when I look back on it now, I was kind of always alone.'

(Got yes) I said, nodding.

8

'I have had loved and I have had the loss. Oh, and I have loved another with all my heart and soul, mind and body.'

'Yet there was more than one love in my life.'

‘What-a can I say, I love all the woman, some you love like your mother in that- away, and some you love in another ways, like all my friends and friends.’

‘I have made over the years; here eating nice meals, three times a day, at The Beaver Street Café, breakfast lunch, and dinner.’

‘Um- I am a typical guy, which has worked hard and lived life, a normal life.’ ‘I love to tease the girls here severing the food to me, I know I am too old to get a young date, but what the heck I can try right?’

‘I feel as if they think, I'm like their grandpa or something, heck I don’t feel that old.’

‘What can I say, I am kind of a flirt, but I like to have an enjoyable time, that is what it is all about having fun, is it not?’

‘I don’t dislike anybody, nor does anyone dislike me.

‘I would say, I feared to leave my homeland, but it was something to think strongly about.’

(The movie)

‘I mean heck, it was a new land, I was lost in a sea in a rainstorm, were knobby could understand me hard when I looked up at 'The Statue of Liberty,' when I was- oh boy, like nineteen or so…’ ‘Um- like we got lost on the trip over to New York, on a ship or more like a pedal boat called: 'The Conto Brackenno…''

(‘Don’t ask me how to spell it, yet, let me try- I think that is it.’)

(I went with it)

(Back)

‘Before I get into that-a, let me talk some about Pettorano Sul Gizio my little hometown.’

(Sure! Go for it.)

‘I remember, the steam trains rolling all night and all day, I recall hopping on them from time to time, I have this remembrance a lot anymore.’

‘Then again there was this bridge with stone arches and the town sat way up on the hill, a long walk yet that is how we did the long walking from place to place, you were rich if you had a car.’

‘I mean we had our ass's, chickens, and ducks, yet you had to have money for that also.’

‘And if you wanted food on the table, you have to trade and pick what you wanted, it was this or that.’

‘I can hear the train cars linking up, and the whistleblowing, the light in the cars fascinated me for you could understand something clearly at last glowing and to me, that was something neat to see on the long summer nights.’
‘We did not have power in our home, there were no phones, and there was no running water, what water, I had we bright in for a hand pump far down the dusty lane all downhill, all up to the other way.’

‘Yet, my heart is back there some time, I mean it was all I knew, and 'till I found out what having a U.S life was all about.’

(N.Y - WWII)

‘The world movies a little faster in New York.’

‘I kind of find it funny, I missed being in two different wars, it was around the time of WWII and I was drafted, yet, because of me not have the background, I need, I was told, that I was not needed, and that was simply fine by me, I was not really into all that junk anyway; not that I would not fight for my country, I would

yet that was not what I wanted to come over here.'

'What can I say nothing ever comes out-a fighting like fools? I worked in an Italian restaurant, it's not right, we are all the same really.'

'On the other hand, before getting into all that, I was walking the streets, just looking for someone to give me a job.'

'I was not complaining, yet, living homeless is not the greatest thing.'

'I had nothing, I had a new wife, and I would say- I loved her… yes, but it

was an arranged marriage, so I could be here in the U.S.'

'What can you do she was beautiful, everything a man would want really.'

'She was sixteen when we first met, and it was not loved at first sight, yet we made it work.'

'She came over to me, and I got to see her when she was about seventeen, yet she was living with someone else.'

(Rocky love)

'What can you do, I was not mad about it, I just went on doing what I do.'

‘That all ended, and she came back to me, and me being who I am, said yes once more.’

‘That is one thing about me, I have always been too forgiving, yet that is what love is all about.’

‘Ah- let me close my eyes and look back into the past, I can see her there, standing in front of me, and this was not long after we were married before she had to leave me.’

‘We- she and I- let us just say we made love for the first time. It was nothing fancy not like what I hear some of these kids saying- ‘they do today.’’

‘You kissed you touched each other’s bodies, things like that, I am a romantic after all.’

‘I was on top of her, kissing her the whole time, she was in some pain, yet she- loved it not long after the first thrust.’

‘She never really said that she loved me, yet we had a type of love where you did not need to say it aloud.’

(Moving forward)

‘Heck sleeping naked was what you did anyways in the sizzling summer days in New York in the 1950s. Or you

would roast to death, it helped some with the passion.'

'I don't remember, it all, nevertheless- if I look back on it, I do- I have to blow the cobwebs off my brain- kind of like looking into an old scrapbook.'

'I look out and see the sun shining out my frosted window, and I see my day go by ever so slowly.'

'I've led an ordinary life.'

'There are no memorials dedicated to me and my name will soon be ancient history, but I've loved another with all my core, feel of mind and soul,

and to me; this has always been sufficient.'

'The optimists would call this a love mushy love story yah-a not really, the pessimists would call it-a heartbreak.'

'Yet it worked okay… seeing her long black hair laying on top of her breast with some skin shown and her nipples through, looking shy with big brown eyes.'

'Yet wanting me and all that, she was on the bed, I kissed up her legs, feeling all of her with my fingertips, it was after all the first time, it was an important thing for me also see as it happened, I

was not living with her, yet I was sleeping there some night, yet nobody knew.'

'This was the first that stands out the most to me, the first time, I was ever in a bed like this, so it was one neat night.' 'She was a virgin at seventeen, me I am not going to say, yet I did all I need to do, I never had someone say it was wrong, and she became pregnant to me, and I never saw my little girl, until- I came over sometime later.'

'Really, I never even knew was pregnant she went back I stay it was all craziness, yet maybe I didn't know as much as I thought I did about make- love-

either- a lost thought rolling around in his head.'

'Really If I did, I would have found some way to make it over and Gaetanina and my little one.'

'In my mind, it's a little bit of both, and no matter how you choose to view it, in the end, it-a does not change the fact that it involves a great deal of my life and the path I've chosen to follow.'

'I have no complaints about my path and the places it has taken me; enough complaints to fill a circus tent about other things, maybe, but the path I have chosen has always been the right

one, and I wouldn’t have had it any other way.’

‘Time doesn’t make it easy to stay on the right pathway that is long and not all way sight.’

‘There are ups and down’s hills and mountain valley. The path is straight as ever, but now it is strewn with the rocks and gravel that accumulate over a lifetime.’

‘Until three years ago, it would have been easy to ignore, but it’s impossible now.’

‘There is a sickness rolling through my body; I’m neither strong nor

healthy, and my days are spent like an old party balloon: listless, spongy, and growing softer over time.'

'I lookout all the time and see all the faces going by it's nice, I feel okay in this old body.'

'Yet, I don't feel, as if I am all that old, it's getting colder out yet.'

'I feel the same on the inside getting colder as the days pass ever so slowly and feel as if they are getting longer and my life is getting shorter.'

'I want to do something, so you all remember who I am, yet I am not sure how to do that, I ran into this younger

man Named: Marcel Ray Duriez, and he said-a; ‘I will do this for you.’’

(...and I did.)

‘And I was overjoyed that someone would care about some like me, just your ordinary Italian man, living in Hastings Pennsylvania.’

‘That was one a big-time chef back in the old century, and New York City back in the fifths.’

(Really...?)

‘I sit in this restaurant called: 'The Beaver Street Cafe' and I see faces come and go, I think- I know then all, they

all know me, I am so easy to get to know- yeah- no.'

'They all rushed by saying hi, in and out the door.'

'Some even sit with me, I love to flirt with the girls that serve the food to me, I am a sexy man after all just look- an at me, I still got it.'

'I like the kid, I even asked him ever for a shot of brandy, (being me) and we talk, and he typed, I was never much of a reader or writer, yet he is.' 'I see him taking notes on the typewriter and I wonder-a what my story is going to say… even I don't get it sometimes.'

‘I walk on wood floors, wood classed dark wood wall coverings.’

‘Do you like my hair? It's graying yet it’s all there is it a not.’

‘Like most my age of 85, I got most of my hair, though I’m the only one in the cafe this morning.’

‘They are like in this room I start to feel lonely and long for my wife the first one that I had.’

(Kids)

‘Yet, I love them both yet can remember their names, alone except for the girls in the back, but they, like me, yet

they have their own busy lives- ‘yet- a that’s life.’’

‘I was that way too when I was young- but- an age slows you-ah down, what- a heck, I am okay with it I have to be- NO?’

‘A minute later, the door has been propped open for me, as it usually is, my nurse comes down to sit and talk, asking if I'd like coffee, ‘It’s-a fine, everything it's-a fine.’’

‘That saying has almost become routine to me.’ ‘Now there are two others in the room, and they too grin at me as

they come in and pass as they move in and pass by.’

‘Good morning, they both say one a young boy and a teen girl...’

‘They say with cheerful expressions, and I'd take a moment to ask about the kids and the schools and an oncoming end to their vacations.’

‘They get sadden by me saying their fun day is ending.’

‘I don’t like making a kid feel that way- yet-a that is life, it’s not, not always fun, yet I'd like to keep happy, I see her walk to a table I see her crying for a minute or so.’

‘They do not seem to notice, that I look with concern; even see me doing this yet have become numb to it, but then again that my life, looking for others, what the heck that is just the way I am.’

‘A person can get used to anything if given enough time.’

‘Time is everything and yet nothing all at the same time.’

‘I cough, and through squinted eyes, I check my watch.’

‘I realize it is time to go.’

‘I stand from my seat by the window and shuffle across the room,

stopping at the desk to pick up the scrapbook, I have looked through a hundred times. I do not glance through it.'

'Instead, I slip it beneath my arm and continue on my way to the place I must go. I hear the muffled sounds of crying in the distance and know exactly who is making those sounds.'

'Then the nurses see me, and we smile at each other and exchange greetings.'

'They are my friends, and we talk often, but I am sure they wonder about

me and the things, that I go through every day.'

'I listen as they begin to whisper among themselves as I pass.'

'There he goes again,' I hear, 'I hope it turns out well.'

'But they say nothing directly to me about it.'

'I'm sure they think it would hurt me to talk about it so early in the morning and knowing myself as I do, I think they're probably right.'

‘Until three years ago, it would have been easy to ignore, but it’s impossible now.’

‘There is an illness developing through my body; I’m neither strong nor steady, yet I feel extremely healthy, however, I know that is not so, and my days are spent will, I’m not allowed to drive anymore, yet I want to the TV is on, yet I don’t care to look, I don’t even care who the president it's- what was his name? 'Osama?' 'Or is it, Obama?' I do not know either way- do you? It’s all the same to me.’

‘I cough and look out my living room window and through peeking eyes out the window blind, I check my watch the kid playing in the park next door and hear the splashing of the pool, what joy that brings to me.’

‘I realize it is time to go back over next to and get lunch now shrimp or something like that- I don’t care it’s all good to me.’

‘I love to sit here in my old lazy boy chair it's, okay by me too- what the heck-a.’

‘I get up something take a few jabs at it I stand by seat getting stable

footing- by the window and shuffle across the room, stopping at the desk to pick up the photos of the past…’

‘I have looked over than a hundred times, it could have been more I don’t remember, yet I recall it all.’

‘I do not glance through it the scrapbook of timeworn photos so that I don’t remember ever seeing, yet I am sure, I have my nurse said, I have, and it was not more than a week ago.’

‘Instead, I slip it beneath my arm and continue on my way to the place I must go.’

‘I sit for just a second and stare at her, but she doesn’t return the look.’

‘I appreciate all that she does for me, yet I know who I am.’

‘She doesn’t need to think I do, I don’t- like that.’

‘Sometimes, she forgot more than I know.’

‘I’m a stranger to her, she doesn’t get people like do.’

‘Then, turning away, I bow my head and pray silently for the goodwill I know I will require keeping going on.’

‘I have always been a firm believer in God and the influence of good hope, all the same, to be honest, my faith has made a list of questions- some I don’t get and some that I do- I want to be answered before I’m gone, and no one remembers why.’

‘Afterward, I sit in the chair that has come to be shaped like me. They are finishing now; her clothes are on, but still, she is crying. It will become quieter after they leave, I know.’

‘The excitement of the morning always upsets her, and today is no

exception.’ ‘Finally, the shade is opened, and the nurses walk out.’

‘Both of them touch me and smile as they walk by.’

‘I wonder what this means.’

‘I lastly assumed what true love is and what it stands for... love is meant for caring for another person's contentment more than your own, no whatever to the problems life may bring forth or the longing pains the choices you face might be to love or walk away.’

‘Now and again, you have to be away from individuals you love, but that

doesn't make you love them any less if anything it make that bond stronger.’

‘I mean-a, if the association can't endure the long-term with problems, why would it be worth my time and energy for the short term that is how I always felt both times I fell in love.’

‘I remember, when- her lips met mine, dancing out under the cafe' overhead roofs back in my hometown.’

‘I remember, when ironically it was playing on my old radio- I was young and so were you, and time stood still, and love was all we knew, you were the first,

so was I, we made love and then you cried Remember when.'

'I remember, when- we vowed the vows and walked the walk, made all the small talk, that we said we would never part yet that is just what happen she stayed behind I fled to the US, there was a war coming fast- with a gun blast- I had to move fast.'

'I gave my heart one and once only back then, made the start, it was hard to even leave my mother behind, she was all that was in my life at the time.'

'The sensation of emptiness is what breakdown your heart is sometimes

the very one that mends’ - it’s-a what was broken, I have lived and learned, life threw curves there was joy, there was hurt.’

‘The first time I saw your face, I saw your eyes shine into mine, and the moon and the stars were the light we need to see, it was love at first sight even if it was all arranged.’

‘I remember the dark and the endless skies and being with my love.’

‘I realize the odds were not there for me, always against me. Just like old ones died and new are born rearranged,

disassembled, and changed forever, ‘yet that’s- a life.’’

‘We came together, fell apart, and broke each other’s hearts- I remember when and the first time, I ever saw your face.

The earth moves with you like you’re the trembling heart.’

‘If you don't go for whatever you want, you'll never have whatever you need in your heart.’

‘If you don't ask this dumb question, you’ll never really have the dumb answer, if you don't step forward and look back, you’ll never have the

solution that was always there looking at you in the freaking face, it's like photos of the past all in a timeline, there the answer to what you did right and what you did wrong, like a sad lonely old country song.'

'In life, there are many things out of your control, that is where the hand of God takes over if you step in you can do harm and you can make it pity or a tragedy.'

'But science is not the total answer; this I know, this I have learned in my lifetime. And that leaves me with the belief that miracles, no matter how

mysterious or implausible, are real and can transpire without concern for the ordinary order of things.'

'So yet again, just as I do daily, I begin the same routine, doing all the same thing except on Saturday, in the hopes that the miracle will come, of being active as if I were young once more to dominate my life and triumph majestically, splendidly, and marvelously.

Yet-a that is not going to happen- I-a know that. Besides maybe, just maybe, it will, or I could just remember when- the rest of my days.'

9

‘FEAR- stands for everything and so face it don’t run- I never had a fear of anything or anyone everyone loves me, or so I feel. I remember... been fresh out of high school, not a day over ten years.’

‘I had five cents to my name, I was still living at home, but not for long. I was a virgin yeah- and nay, to the world! I never saw anything other than farmland.

I did not know what I was in for. Yet I had to go...’

‘Hitler was taking over, killing babies and bring them alive of all things.’

‘I will never forget the sounds of the troop train steaming through,

dropping off more maggots like me to kill the Nazis.

Knowing that ninety percent of them would not make it back home.'

'I'd never thought I would live this long, and I never thought young-ins would doubt the war and the Holocaust.'

'I have seen men, women, and kids being lined up on their knees and shot in the back of the head, for no reason at all. It's incredible, tragic, and despicable, how one man's loathing can start so much destruction.'

'I do believe that history is going to repeat; it's just a matter of time. I just

hope I can fish this story with you all before I have fished myself.’

‘Then- It was the summer of love, sex, drugs and rock, and roll. Flower power was in the air, and I had hippie long hair.’

‘This is what I remember about summer love in 1969.’

‘Jim Morrison was flashing his adulthood, and the taxing way to Paris, Hendrix was rewriting 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in a high voltage screech.’

‘Man- You could feel it in the air people waited to fight or freak, love or kill- all part of a thrill.’

‘Vietnam was right outside the door… love, drug, or hug…

Man- sides were being selected.’

‘The world was yelling for the change, girl run naked in the mud, baby’s sucking away no one cared, and there was orgy everywhere you look, and girls that would blow your mind for free.’

‘Humorous it seems like you were tripping over something and on something- man.’

‘All the colors- man, do you see the colors when you look into the eyes of the sun- man, look without a fear- man or it will kill you- man. 69-man! Far-Out!’

(Older)

‘Remember when the sound of little feet, yet my girls both grow up the kids do, and they have their own lives, I don’t interfere.’

‘I vowed we'd never give it upon them, yet they did on me.’

‘I remember when I-a remember when forty seemed so old- yet that’s- a life! looking' back, it's just the steppingstone in my hometown, overgrown trees, and winding hills, money was not something you need over there, yet it was something I needed to find in the U.S.A?’

‘I was living in a cardboard box in 1952, and looking for a job, yet could not find one for I could not read or write to save my life- yet-a that’s just the ways of my life.’

‘Haunted love- I was finding yet another woman to fill the long and lonely nights, she was all right I loved her, nevertheless- I was not in love as much.’

‘I knew that I could live to be a hundred yet maybe- Like Marcel said- maybe- like why is a question that has known answer, and visit every country in the world, but nothing would ever compare to that single moment when I

first kissed the girl of my dreams and knew that my love would last forever.’

‘I look at the old typewriter that I have never used on my desk it's missing the letters ‘A’ and ‘N’ not the button itself, I want to do this all my life and this kid is doing it for me, and what gets me is that it was written in a day.’

‘Okay, then I look at the fingers are a fly in a great heist. I do not get it. I sometimes stop over to the library and see all the old books and I have never cracked one, in my long life, I wonder what they all say yet I know, it’s like my life.’

‘There was a lot they didn’t tell you about death-

I wouldn’t know I have not died yet- I want to live.’

‘I feel that when we grow up or even hit our twenties, we lose the talent for loving without limits, and I see this looking at what I am seeing.’

‘I put all the photos on the table some fall to the floor like my thoughts and heart- for a moment while the scrapbook is open. It takes four licks on my twisted finger to get the threadbare cover open to the mid-page.’

‘Then I put the glass back into place somewhat downward on my nose.’ ‘There is always a moment right before I begin to flip-flop the pages, and I see the story come to life like a black and white movie, within my hoary mind and I wonder to myself what a wonderful world, and what’s it happens today?’

‘I don’t know I really-a don’t-a care, it’s all the same, for me now; for I never know beforehand, that life is routine and then more routine, and then you get institutionalized.’

‘’Yet that- life,’’ a mixture of all the stuff you can take blended, making

you feel constipated, sometimes nauseated- or maybe I lovesick and miss my wife's, both at different times of the day.'

'Deep down it does not matter, I feel I don't need anyone I am okay on my own- I keep saying that to myself.'

'It's the possibility that keeps me going, not the guarantee, a sort of stake on my part.'

'And though you may call me a dreamer or fool or any other thing, anything is possible.'

'I remember, being three years old living with my mother- who was my

grandmother and seeing the small one-room house that was just a wood shake, I remember being the age of nine clubbing tall trees and busting my ass.'

'I remember having to grow up too fast.

I remember sleeping on hay beds, and making an open fire on the inside, I remember not even having real windows, or a door, I remember going for long walks just to get the water needed to wash an outfit, and I remember it all.'

'I recall not having a bathroom and going in the woods, it was not until I was told that we had the outhouse. I

remember having a job over in the old county of cutting down fields by hand with a long-bladed knife.'

'We all sleep together to keep from freezing, there were three girls at my feet and five older boys next and almost on top of me.'

10

'It was early October 1944, and I left home, never to look back on a steamship- Some time has passed, I see the page turn- not the photos I am a dad, my one girl, on my shoulders at this point- with my new wife next to me, damn I wish I could remember her name too.'

‘Something- and I remember everything about that but, why? Is my mind slipping- I think not, I need a drink and may-a-be I’ll remember?’

‘I never called her anything but her nickname I gave her- ‘My-Love.’’

‘I see little feet running around the apartment she is three a wild little shit.

Yet- that part- an of life- no?’

‘I could watch my wife doing anything and everything, so was all I ever wanted, yet I never really looked around at that time, or maybe I was, I mean I’m-a good looking guy even now- the fading a

girl is not that hard to do with you look like this.'

'The lady's love me, for me, ha- an I never changed. I sit here in the evenings flipping through the endless channels nothing like 300 nothing really on that I like, yet there are- some old shows on TV-land, I remember especially working hard all day in a cafe in New York, and let his thoughts wander without conscious direction.'

'It was how he relaxed, a routine he'd learned from his father.'

'Romance is thoughtful thoughts about your momentous other when you

are supposed to be thinking about something otherwise. I like to look at the trees and their reflections in the room and on the river, back when I was younger, I had a photo somewhere.'

'Let us see if I can move to that page without this thing falling completely apart.

Look nowhere in Hasting's the trees are beautiful in deep autumn: greens, yellows, reds, oranges, every shadow, and hue in between, just like look at all the ducks on the river running not far away.'

‘Their glittering colors glow with the late evening sun bring on the dusk and midnight sun, and for the hundredth time, I see my first wife as if she were starting next to me as I get into bed.’

‘As I put the book down and rest my aching head, to hopefully have another day to do it all again, however that may not happen.’

‘The days are slowly being taken away from the big man upstairs.’

‘Yet then again- ‘that’s-a life.’’

‘Originally it was the main house where I met my first wife, she was rich I was poor I was on a working plantation

for hardly anything- yet, I had her love to pay for my needs, I did not have two pennies to rub together, yet I fell head over heels for her, I got my apartment about right after the war concluded around 1945.' 'The date may not be right, yet they work for me, this is the way they have to be, spent the last fourteen months and small fortune repairing it, like $500, yet it's better than the cardboard box in the street next to a flaming barrel.'

'The place is old built in the 1900s or so- I don't know. I get the rug from someplace- and I don't remember how it got in here I had to cut it up, French or something like that- yet what

you don’t have you have to find some way or another to keep the little brown hair wife-ie, and little ones that look like her happy, and needing you.’

‘Both girls- I don’t have anyone to pass on this good name…’

‘Oh- well that’s- a life- is it not?’

‘I have never even had an article, about me why would someone what to read my story anyways- I am nothing amazing.’ ‘Do you know how many ways love can smash you; I do? It makes you happy, and it makes you glum?’

‘It makes you gruesome in the abdomen or hurt in the heart.’

‘It makes everything upbeat and sharper, or it hazes all the limits.’

‘It makes you feel like a monarch or a chump.’

‘Every way love can stick you; it's hit hard when it comes to you, or she with you.’

‘It's hard to resist a good girl when you want to be a bad boy.’

‘That a photo no one gets to see but me,

I remember her before, I got married.’

‘Yet her name passes before me also.’

‘I had many girlfriends over the years, but never another love of my life; I have some nicking too, yet you don’t want to know all the stuff… maybe, later, I’ll talk about that.’

‘My last apartment sat on zero acres yet is adjacent to a creek-sh like a river called the Susquehanna, sometimes, I think I’ll go for a walk over to the park- and then I think not. It not far- yet it is for me.’

‘I see all the dry leaves- falling to their roots of the tree, I see all the falling

leaves, I see meter posts just there, they never work, I see my white ‘caddie’ (Cadillac) in the back not running, it is-a running- but not for me. I drink a glass of hot coffee, and then shower, it is the start of the same day, or so, I think. I have the oldies on and that's good enough for me.’

‘My nurse walks in, saying- ‘It’s looking good today- John.’ ‘What was-a that?’’ I said back in a hast…

‘I always showered at the start of the day, the water washing away all the paint off and aching in my body.’

‘I am too damn young to be in a nursing home!’ That was my thought of being an old devil.

‘I’m-a, not that messed up- yet!’ I thought.

‘Afterwards, I combed my grayish back hair, put on some faded jeans and a long-sleeve yellow shirt, I don’t have a porch on the front it's getting colder anyway, I may just sit in the back, where I am setting now there is no view, what- so-ever back here, where I sat every day at this time, before walking ever to the café to eat eggs and toast, or something along those lines.’

‘Yet again- ‘that-a, is my life.’’

The girl- ‘I see him as he stretched his arms above his head and winking at me, gently sloping his shoulders up and down as he completed the routine, of making the move for one door down to the other.’

‘I see some random kid ringing the bell by the cash register over and over sounding like the old steam trains, that ran through here in the past, and it-a was not-a that-long-ago.’ ‘John reached for his coffee cup, remembering his father as a boy saying- it to Kristian, thinking how

much he missed him, yet never really got to see him all that much.'

'He occupies yourself once by, saying 'you look cute today,' he adjusted his suspenders as her face turn bright red, then fool around again, saying…'

Then he spotted me- The girl…

'Do you have a boyfriend?'

Then he started talking to Kristen once more- about her young life- 'This time it sounded about right, about how- he knew that I have a little seven-year-old girl named- Riley and not move on- her child, 'she is my love in my life now, and he began to play with my words coming

out of my mouth- so he flirts- yet it is sweet.’’

‘Until now- I sit down for some time yet, I have to work. Soft country music is not so quiet in the background, yet whatever.’ ‘Giggling laughter creasing my eardrums, and my teeth slip somewhat out.’

‘So much for getting a date at this point.’ I thought.

The girl- ‘He hummed for a little while at first, then began a talk and talk and talk.’ ‘I just want to hear increasingly about her stories, progressively and more, it so different than the way I was raised,

and my children were raised,’ I said- too Kristen.

‘I feel the Dr-rip, Dr-rip, of my coffee going down my chin, onto my shirt.’

‘SHIT…!’ I think looking at him, as- the girl.

‘'What wrong-' Shanna said, looking all concerned about everything?’

‘’Just what a man wants, freaking hot coffee going down his crotch,’ said, Shanna- she was rolling her eyes, running past with hot pigs in a blanket.’

‘’It’s time to go home’-, my nurse, said impatiently? ‘Not-a yet’ I said, loudly and everyone looked at me- as if I was too old and cranky, I do not know why, yet that's life, also.’

~*~

Midnight-sh

Lyncie- ‘He started to run the numbers in his head of the cheek, as you could gather it is lunchtime, then stopped to think and slapped his money down.’ ‘He knew what it was going to be before their person at the cash register, ‘like how you do that?’’ He spoke. ‘It’s-a something I picked up, back in the day, I-

a, only have-a third-grade education- yet what does that say to you?' I thought.

'WOW!' Said the cashier.

(Shocked looking face…)

John- 'I remember my first job oh so- o why back when.

I was your age you have it a lot better than I. Don't you mean- me? They said with one eyebrow up.'

'Kids today I think to myself, I knew all that way back-a, when- yet that's okay you learn what-a, you want to learn when you want to learn it. That was the way it was in my life too.'

‘’You make me feel dumb, that’s not- the point’- I said, ‘you have lots to learn… yet- missy, life will teach you that.’ He pushed my hand into his saying- ‘You’ll do fine, look at me I did.’’

‘’Yet it’s never- ever an enough is it’ I asked? ‘It can be, you have to find that one out on your own.’ He said recklessly rushing to the door, being called.’

‘Life is like a leave dying slowly on the trees- like all the maple leaf blowing in the breeze swirling around in the air and landing at my feet- with the street lights beginning to flicker on in a

warm glow, you're never really going where you want to, no matter how long it's going to be before it is covered over or parts of it lost in the ground at your feet forever- like us- just dust in the wind, or like a headstone- with carved names and dates I can't read, that is all they remember you, me, us- them too far, this is what that gray thing will say, nothing I could or want to recite and that is little to nothing- also.'

'The thoughts of joy leave me in that cold thought- of what's to come- passing, expiry, and death. In a way, I decided to enjoy the rest of my days and months of life, not thinking about the last

breath that I will soon be taking, yet it pops up now and then, yet is that a good thing? Um- at this point in my life I am not sure about anything, but the end of it.'

'Without worrying- I look away out the window, seeing that I am being gestured too, it would work out for her too, he knew it in his mind almost feeling bad for her; it always did for him, he thought, yet it was not easy, it was extremely hard, like the love you got to make it work, he also thought rushing for home.'

‘Besides, thinking about money usually bored me it’s not about the money that makes you happy, he thought to move his feet two doors down, it’s what others can do for you with that money- he knew all too well in that thought.’

Lesia- ‘Early on, John learned to enjoy all the simple things that he loves at the café, like all the people, all his friends, and even family- things that could not be bought, and he had a challenging time understanding people who felt any different.’ ‘It was a little after five when he quit talking, and he settled back into his lazy boy chair and began to rock.’

‘By happenstance, he looked upward and saw some leftovers in a go box from over at the café and said- ‘I take it, over to the counter, to make room to start working on a puzzle, stars, spark-a-ling outside in the autumn sky.’

‘’Funny how a melody sounds like a memory.’ Like rock music of the past.’ ‘He felt good and clean now, fresh-cleaning up for bed. His muscles were tired, and he knew he’d be a little sore tomorrow, but he was pleased that he had accomplished most of what he had wanted to do.’

(Weeks's past and I am there seeing.)

Zoey- ‘John is a calm man, no pets at this point in his life, he’ll come up to them I have two on a leash like me he was to nuzzle up to them and will talk about anything really- just a nice guy, that gets me.’

‘He talks with his hands a lot, and talk broken sometimes, to the point that I don’t understand it, yet I get it.’

‘Hey, girlie, how’re you doing today?’ He said this to me. He asked as he grabbed at my apron- I started working here, and she cackled aloud and said- ‘I’m

doing,’ her soft round eyes peering upward at him who is much taller. She doesn't work nights like these always, yet I know some girls that do- like me after school.’

(The next day)

I- Zoey made him think of my wife- ‘He was twenty- one, not too old not too young just right- oh I remember him saying think back 2 years back or so, but old enough to be all alone- with him- it was my consent, after all, there was nothing wrong with it… I thought- and mom and dad well did not care- about me

regardless, and what I did- or with- I can say I was, and still am mixed up.'

'He hadn't dated since in my mind at all I have not been back here- since yah know- the end, I hadn't met anyone who remotely interested me- I was a lot like him too when he was my age.'

'It was his responsibility, he knew that I could see that, so could I.' She spoke.

Zoey- 'There was something that held in standby at distance between him and me, yet I want to know more, and any woman who started to get close doesn't want to pull away, even if not sure about

doing crazy things that don't make any sense to the man or the ones that see her day in and day out, something he wasn’t sure he could change; about himself- just dumb- I thought, yet I like that about him, and yet so smart- even if he tried not to be- with me to be friendly- I was like his girl.’ ‘Also, sometimes in the moments when right before, like- I fell asleep it’s like I can see all along it was right- wondering all for nothing- he was going to be mine forever- I thought and, in a way, still is.’

‘Like it was all meant to be- yet ‘that’s life’ or so he always said.’ John- I fear to feel my heartbreak a second time

because I'm not sure I could survive it- just talking about him- I loved this man.’

‘I would rather live alone than risk the pain of not having what it is I need that he gave me, I know that he is not with me any longer he was sitting next to her in the very spot 2 years back, and the last thing she said was- ‘I love you on the bottom of a Polaroid and she falls forward a chair, breaking down into tears.’

‘I have been on my senses, like him who said he was since the 1980’s- yet ‘that's life.’’

(Wahoo! With a holding in letting go- deep breathing.)

‘Broken hearts heal… she said, maybe- and there is a little-cracked smile still, the wounds are always there, yet fade in time. she said in her young wisdom- like a lady. Like spitting cuts, like bloody knives healed within the heart.’ She spoke.

‘People lived and worked, get sick and die, we laughed and ate, and I cried- and that was about it. Like he did with his wife, in a way I took the place of the pain he felt I made him feel young, and me worth living on in this life.’

‘For there were many, scars we both share about our lives, I am returned to my old ways, yet I never really loved, even if I just playing around- it not the same with me.’ ‘Sometimes, you wind comes up, blown off your course, hell- I know, I was and so was he, we had so much in common. You are not ready for it- I remember that too, but if you are lucky, you end up in a more interesting place than you’d-a scheduled. ‘I recollect him saying that too did not get it at the time I do now.’’

‘You devote your life getting walked on, you learn to identify the

footstep.’ He said that to me- I wrote it down.

(Back)

Kristen- ‘He smiled to himself. For some reason, and said that one above, a day before his passing.’ ‘He knew a lot of people yet maybe more in his mind than he lets on.’’

‘Most of his youth, it wasn’t surprising, yet not astonishing… Like so many towns, the people who lived here never changed, it is all just talk of a small town… minds- never change when minds are made up-and that it, this story is false, and believe in it also as some

schoolchildren’ fantasies, tells of a simpleminded girl growing a bit older, and a little faded- as she sees too- like that pink dress she is always in.’

(Memorizing)

She said I evoke- ‘He gave me a quick, casual kiss on the cheek first. Then came the hugs, and it was the hugs that was it for me, it was the first one I had in my life.’

They said- ‘she wasn’t exactly sure when it happened, yet she remembers all the events clearly.’

‘Or even when it started.’ The other server said.

‘All she knew for sure was that right here and now- made up at the time, she was falling hard for a life’s story, she was making up…’ They spoke.

‘I was feeling the same way about her loving it.’ She said, he said.

‘I feel myself having or wanting to go to the restroom, yet I don’t want to move.’ She said, ‘I might not be able to hold the pee in.’

11

‘Maybe… all of this is not what I wanted to be remembered for, and maybe it is?’ It was said.

‘The evening passed, one after another after another, and yet once more, staying warm is hard to do around here, hard not to get cold.’ She spoke.

‘I listened to the crickets and the whizzing leaves, I hear the crash of footsteps of in the distances, seeing the amber post lamps flicker on- as I did with him 2 years ago, the sun has closed it the tired eye for the day,’ I remember him saying that too.

He said to me- ‘Explaining that the sound of nature was more genuine and stimulated more emotion than things

like cars going past, look at how the cars have changed, what happens to them.'

'Look at all the natural things giving back to us, yet all we do is take away from it.' He said that… I have it here add to the scrapbook, he kept for all those years- and now it is mine to add to and keep- is it not? Even if they do not believe me, it is all here.

He said- 'There were times during the war, turn- turn and turn- there is a session too- especially after a major date of destruction when he had often thought about these simple sounds- he would never hear again.'

‘It’ll keep you from going nuts-o.’ That is what I said, at once…

‘After sitting down again, he looked at the book, saying if I go take this and keep it always and ever. It was old, the cover was torn, and the pages were stained.’

‘To reflect on the past, that is why I have to say that too.’ ‘Bottomless in her heart, she wasn't sure she earned to be blissful, nor did she believe, that she was or well-intentioned to be once more to someone who seemed not to get her it would be, so unusual.’

I remember when- ‘John finished his coffee, went back out on the porch, and to hear all the sounds, found the book on the table, then he turned on the porch light on his way, back in to grab something else, like his jacket- I have it on now.’

I think of him saying- ‘It’s getting cold, he said to himself- there was nothing but eeriness. I rubbed the cover, and saw some of the old, crumpled photos fall to the ground, have to leave all around them as he talked about so much around this time 2 years back, see them I cannot get them… all would you help me here?’ ‘They’re going to get wet…’ She spoke.

‘Yet, I find myself doing just that bending down- dusting them off just a little, and shoving them back in- I feel on edge, and want to be inside, and not scared- yet I am. I don’t have a place to go but the bench outside the café- to stay tonight.’

I remember him losing his recollections on what was in the book- ‘Then he let the book open randomly when he got up the next day and sat and looked through the photos feeling that they were all new in front of him, yet it was less than 6 hours ago he saw them.’

‘Once and only once, and a long time ago.’ He said I remember seeing these…

‘The place, the year, the date, showing him and his kids and wife- Then at that moment everything had changed for him forever- after the moment was gone after taking the still frame, he read on the back of the photo their names; I can read some… it does not like I can-not- a.’

‘Have you been in love more once, I- Zoey asked the question to him? Yet I did not seem to get it… when he said there was only one… Hum…?’ I spoke.

‘YOU!’ He said, grabbing my little hand. ‘In the end, folks should be judged by their actions, meanwhile, in the end, it was activities that define us all.’ He said that- I wrote it all down here, for you to have- she said to- Marcel, who believed her stories- and he said- back to her- ‘I well add this all in if you feel just.’

It was asked- what is- a ‘’Perfect love- is there much of a thing?’ I don’t know at this point- she said to me, nevertheless- I think I have felt that… with this person, and this had been perfect.’

‘Clouds overhead rain on my mind it slowly began to roll across my thoughts like the evening sky on a storm-ie day in the autumn, turning thoughts silvery- and blocking out everything with the reflection of my aging self- as it blows over.’

I stay in this apartment when they let me- thoughts and more feelings ‘As they set my emotional states are rainy- like the days here, I leaned backward in his rocking chair, and I think it’s going to flip on me.’

‘My legs moved automatically to stop it, keeping a steady rhythm, and as

he did most evenings, I remember, he felt his mind drifting back to a warm evening like this fourteen years ago. I was only 2 at the time- so-o… I would not remember.'

'The town is not what you would call full, it's seen better days, yet a good day could be coming, yet I will not see them- I don't want to live… here.'

He said here in this one- 'I enjoy the game of life its-a, all by chance, or is it?'

Living with the why- 'That is a question that has no answer- or maybe its doses.'

‘It was a damp night to speak of all this and raining on me too- for some reason I remembered, that a day later- that maybe my life is not over its just beginning a new chapter.’ Zoey thought.

I reminiscence back to when- ‘He arrived alone at the cafe, and he strolled through the crowd, looking for just one friend, he saw me, he’d grown attached to, talking to this girl, he’d never seen before or maybe he did- it was me.’

‘She was pretty, smart, and fun… she remembered thinking, and when she finally joined him, she looked his way with a pair of misty bark eyes.’ ‘’Hi,’ she’d said

shyly as she was taken by his charm and by his touch outwards to her hand, sweet man she thought.'

'As a girl, she had come to believe in the ideal man or, so she said to me as I write the parts for the book, the prince or knight of her childhood stories like a fairytale-like Rapunzel. As a writer, I went with it.'

''In the real world, however, men like that simply did not exist'- she elaborated, 'or maybe they do?'

She all said wrinkling up her nose, along with saying-

‘If you can find them, them at all.’’

‘The girl is sweet- and what I would call adorable, what I would have gone for back in my day, also… I thought when doing the interview.’

(‘The ordinary beginning of a young life, I thought, something that would have been forgotten to me for I felt like her at that age.’)

I could have never been anyone but her- his wife that is- she said in a moment of shame, I reminded him of her, and that why he loves me- not for me, for a memory, I used him.’

(I just looked at her dumbfounded, I nodded and smiled.) She said, ‘He took her hand and kiss it so I knew it was not her- he knows what he was doing- she said, when he met those striking brown eyes- with mine, he knew before he’d taken him next to his last breath, when I was there holding his hand that I was not her, I was the one he could spend the rest of his life looking for but never find again.’

He said to me- ‘She seemed that good, that faultless, while a summer wind blew through the trees, as she and I walked around and to his home always being nice. From there, it went like a

tornado wind in my mind coming and going, that I was falling like the leaves blowing around us.'

They said- 'Every morning but Sunday when he had to go to church this girl sits next to him- it was an old relationship, where she'd been waiting for him to just say hello, she is too lonely for at fourteen girl- too clingy, and far too voluptuous for her good.'

'Because she was a newcomer and had not spent time in a small town before, new to a new school and not treated right- they spent their days doing things that were completely new to her

and him just as friendship should be, that was like father-daughter.' Said another woman- speaking up defending her- finally.

'This is just what John need in his life at this point, a new spark to keep him going, she said also, she would take him to places and do all kinds of things like reading him books or long novels, so he can finally know all the things in books that he'd had always wanted to know.'

'They walked together and watched summer thunderstorms, loved the springtime, by the fences- the strolled and sat it was not that far away for him,

yet was it’s all ending though, it seemed as though they’d always known each other- ways and thoughts too, even when the school days started for her, her mind was on him.’

‘They met up every day, and the day after that too, and they soon became inseparable to time- and age.’

‘He taught her how exploring all that is around and above, not even going that far, in the town either. It was a love that did not love- I do not know what to call it- yet, other than love… To people regardless of age and time.’ She added.

‘Change isn't always for the best, though sometimes it is needed or has to happen, and you can’t do anything about it,’ Zoey said.

He said- ‘But I learned things as well as she, in this town like a dance that never ends, never doing what it is you want to do- yet feel the need to do more and more.’

‘She wanted to learn how to do the waltz dance, so he taught her to do just that out on the sidewalk- believing she would never go to the dances, with a boy her age- she held that thought at the time.’ ‘Did they stumble through the first

few songs young and old it just doesn’t work or does it?’ Others looked- others talked to them, they were in their little world.

‘He walked her home afterward, and when they paused on the porch after saying goodnight, he kissed her for the first time and wondered why he had waited as long as he had.’ She thought back to the vivid moment.

‘He did realize it was not his first love.’ He knew she said- them and there.

‘To him it was her… the same thing happens in the old country all the time he thought- it is all repeating to me,

yet all-new for her- the sweet girl- that I am falling for.’

‘She was taken back by falling to his ways of never finding, that in a younger boy.’

12

‘They met the following day, and the day after that, and they soon became joined at the hip.’

‘They learned things together and felt awesome about it, he felt as if he was with his love, it was so wrong, for her- and even more for him, yet was so right all at the same time.’

‘I was as if it was a fall romance, just like being in the vineyards of Italy, walking down the winding pathways, lights in a yellow glow, it’s all the same to him, yet oh so new to her, yet as she said she felt as Gaetanina did- thinking back on how the most of looked at her.’

‘Sometimes, that name slips out and he calls me that- yet that’s okay.’ I had to say that at the time to keep going a little crazy.

‘I don’t care, I did care about him, I would play her to feel the love I need- to feel even if wrong.’ She said tearing up.

‘A true twist to an unbelievable start- of romance that was everything to them.’

‘Like hands going down her sides softly- like a voice caressing her ears with a sigh, a soft kiss on her lips and moving ever so slowly downward, feeling all the tingles within her lips and hips.’

‘I am not an overly sensual girl, up till now anyway- this makes me feel oh so good about myself, and I knew it wrong- I know it’s oh so-o wrong.’

She said to me- ‘I don’t care, she wants all of the town to know- even her dad did not get it- ‘I love him, daddy she

said to him too- when he thought her out.’’

‘On the other hand, he is not for you- he is too old.’ He said angrily.

She was dreaming- ‘I love the wetness of the water on the beach- I love the sand I feel in-between my toes, I love the feeling of sunbathing, on a golden day, yet I want to see you with me.’

‘'That is where I would love to be…’ This did not stop them- from planning regardless of what they all said, just another fun day at play she thought, like warm sand on the bay, and having crashing waves, as the music would play

for them to dance, it was love. He made her feel as if this would happen, yet he knew better- it was just talk- to make her feel loved.'

She said, ''I-a, oh, its-a, not going to happen- I have lived all my days,' he said to her. She was saddened by this for she had her whole life now planned it was only him she saw in her eyes of life. Yet it could not be.'

He said, and she felt that- 'Age it's just a number she said to- John- and about him to me. 'Yes, but God can give or take,' 'I'm not going to last forever yet they went on.'' He said to her.

‘Love is like the wives on the sand, you can't see them crash, and you can feel it moving through you.’ She spoke.

John- ‘Lacking grief, there'd be no empathy.’ He said, for me or us now would there?

‘I don’t get it…?’ She said then at that moment.

‘You will when I am gone-’ he said. ‘I don’t want you to be.’’ Zoey said back- ‘With pain and weakness in her young little sweet voices.’

‘I held her close to me with my eyes sealed, deliberating if something in

my lifespan, had ever been this faultless and knowing at the same time, that it hadn't ever been so divine.’ That is what he did.

‘I was in love, and the feelings, that I had are what I need to feel the most, could it be any more wonderful, washing the day would never- ever end, more than I ever imagined it could be if they didn’t?’

‘That is the question that has to know the answer to me as of now. The end- that is…’

‘But she learned things as well, and she was learning from him- with his

wisdom, that he was passing down to her.’

She conjured the thoughts back in her mind about how-

‘We would eat at the café day in, and day out, and then go to something like a dance or something like that on the weekends- he never thought he could be I made him feel young and he did it for me, it's everything, I ever want a boy- MAN to do with me, even go to the pool and see me dive.

It is not in a creepy way- said the girl, it was just a friendship at this point, or was it, said another speaking up, over

top her. I was the one that wanted him there, for he was my only friend in this town- even now you mean girls can't stand that can you?'

'Some night we just stumbled through the leaves seeing all that is to see, the town is lovely, yet some of the people as you can see and hear are not, yet as he would say- 'that's- a life.'' She spoke.

'I never wanted anything more than to say that you were mine, now and forever.' She spoke.

'I want to say- that we did more than just sleep together- I want to say

that. When we needed someone to be there, you are more than a friend to me- I wanted to say that too and I just did.'

I said this to him- 'You are someone, that I understand, someone that sees me for whom I am, I never had that with anyone else. 'I think- I love you!''

'Hey, I am not saying the love wasn't good, but this is not right you need to leave, me before it comes to trouble with me, and you, and them too- you see- do you see, this cannot-a be- it just cannot-a.' He spoke.

‘What is this like the 10th time we did it, and I bent you over.’ I love it and remember the O’s.

‘I love the scars on my back that you made, I love when you ride me like you do ‘la-la-love me as you do, touch me as you do, what are you waiting for.’’

‘I love the sound you make, as you sigh… you are the best thing that ever happened to me.’ He said, she felt also.

‘But is it going to be me or him? …Forever and always, is it?’

‘If you want me you need to stop letting him, put his d*ck in you, he knew

that I was seeing another boy.' Yet it was the time I thought that I would see what could be with another… I don't know what I want.'

'Oh, and like you have not been with others than me,' she said.

'I don't want to have to lick up what was his leftovers.

Why, is it wrong for me, you have had other lovers have you not?' She said, sticking up for her rights to do with her body as she felt just.

'I have only sucked one other boy than you, it's not like I have been with all that many guys.'

‘‘But I only wanted you to be with me.’ He said, and she said back- ‘yet it not going to last forever now, is it?’’

‘Yeah, well it doesn’t work that way… a girl has to shop around for what she wants.’ She said to me, in her interview, of me adding to the story.

‘To they finally go with some like you.’ She said that next- winking at me, all flirty.

She asked- ‘Then why do you even like me… is it only for the sex or what?’ I said know I have gotten to know you, that is why, and I do not judge- for being human- you live and learn, I said.

‘’No, I love your eyes’- she said to me, I love your hair, I love the taste of you- and I did not know I was starving ‘till I tasted you, I love your small- I love you, for more than just the sex. What do you say, little boy- you and I being together?’

‘Yeah right, I know what you want!’ I said back,

‘I see you too.’

‘But more than anything else… I love your heart.’ I spoke.

She said to me- ‘a big heart- I love the way it sounds as I lay my head on your chest during a movie; the rhythm

becoming irregular- when I am next to you.’

‘I don't want to be with you just for the fooling around. It is much more than that! I want you; I love who you are...’ She said to me.

‘'So, what am I to you?’ I asked, ‘Why do you want me over any other girl?’’ ‘Hum… if you have to ask then you never really know… and if you know then you need not ask.’ I spoke.

~*~

…Speaking, imprisoned:

‘We are entombed, trapped like rats in a trap!’

‘Everywhere I go I have no privacy, I have no satisfaction over dating him, I can’t get it… it’s not something I can have.’

‘My phone is hacked, and my PC hacked too.’

‘I am being watched right now; I am- over him.’

‘They know everything I do, everywhere I go- as they do with him.’

‘They see who, I am friends with and end it just because they can- just like with him.’

‘Yet we have each other and that all of them matters more of them reputations.’

‘They because of us, sits me up just to fall into their trap. I've used the fake name, it is all the same, I am there a toy in their sick twisted game.’

‘At what a point do you say- I've had enough?’ Stop it- ‘get a life!’

‘Friend comes and goes; I know that nothing can last more than a week

with me; it has been like this all my life.' She said, and I said too.

'You just get attached, and they put an end to it so fast... you would not believe me- nobody does.'

'Why- I do not know it because they must have me for her own- tormenter or something, and they can't see me having a love of another that is not what they say I should have?'

'I don't know… all I know is that everyone leaves me before, I want them too.'

'But like I have a choice. No, not really. If you want me, we need to...'

‘Run… and never look back, we go far from here where it won’t matter, will be gone so far away, that the names they say, won’t mean a thing because, we will have each other, and not care what others say.’

‘Are happiness would lie in each-other’s arms, and the rings on your finger.’

‘I don’t want to trap you, but you need to say- yes to me, so this can happen! The sooner the better!’

‘You’re caught by an overprotective and malicious ex-

girlfriend, who now hates you.' She said… 'and them too and their talk.'

'Who makes you work like a fool…?'

The ex-said- 'The jerk won't even buy you a ring after so many years of dating.

'Yet she trapped you!'

'You think he loves you?' She asked, saying- it as if he was still hers or something. Or is she just trapping you until she finds something more to settle too?' The ex-said.

‘You’re longing by your town. You are craving because you like me but can’t.’ He spoke. ‘You’re trapped because, of what they all say about me and you. All that matters to me is what you think and can think for yourself- as you do.’

‘You’re longing for them, and they make sure, that you’re not even allowed to look at another man like me.’

‘Plus, it all goes back to the mean girls in this town, the ones that, trapped us both in not being in love- yet not allowed to love it’s forbidden to me- you- and us.’

‘Forbidden to dating, see, look, feel, or even talk to one another- or it could end in jail time- yet ‘A-Okay’ for any other.’

‘Longing into missing out, longing into being the weirdo.’

She said, ‘an outcast…’

‘Longing into not knowing what you would feel like, in a hug or kisses too.’

‘Longing into being hated for no reason by others by their rumors.’

‘Longing into missing you.’ He thought.

‘You’re stuck into wishing for me and dreaming of what could be. Yet your friends love them and not me, with me all they see in the past that is not true, the past that I was trapped into.’

‘I am stuck with you in so many ways, that you never even knew about.’

‘Ensnared because, I have fallen in love with you, and can’t seem to forget about you.’

‘You’re on my mind all the time.’

‘No blocks can stop us from someday getting together.’

‘That is only if you get out of the trap of allowing everyone to push you around.’

‘You have to be strong and fight.’

‘I am ensnared into fighting for your hand, and your love, and I just don’t know why I keep deceiving myself to you.’

‘I just don’t understand why- I can’t get you out of my mind.’

‘I know one thing, I never ensnared you like everyone seems to do around here, I am not like that.’

‘If you want me fine, and if not fine. I am involuntary forced into being a hopeless romantic…’

‘I have to get out.’

‘I don't care what my mind says is logical, what my heart says it needs!’

‘There's been rumored of an uprising free of all the restrictions of the world within me.’

‘I'm done caring about the consequences; it's time to be selfish and do something for me.’

‘The longing of you I can’t take it anymore.’

‘The passion- I have for you has my skin on fire! I cannot sleep, I cannot eat, and I can function right. Without you being in my life.’

‘It seems like you and I are trapped into having chastity belts, with no way to unlock them and connect.’

‘You have the key, and your mine.’

‘I am confined in the fantasy of us sleeping together playing in my head.’

‘Captivated into wanting more than one-night stands with you. Like that even possible.’

‘You’re enslaved into making them happy, while on the inside you’re miserable.’

‘Stuck!’

‘I am without you next to me now.’

‘I want to feel your kiss; I want to feel your body spooning or unstop of mine.’ ‘I want to go out with you, and not have everyone stop it.’

‘I want to go everywhere with you.’

‘I want you to live with me, you have a home here if you can get out of your trap- and so can I.

‘I want you to share my bedroom… I know it’s crazy- I want to go crazy with you!’

‘But- I want you to be my girl.’

‘You have spellbound me in the spell of your dark eyes, and shy little sensual ways.’

‘Instead of losing my mind to you, I was hoping it would have been something else. She said, what if that was all just stories- what if… what if he was

just a friend- in the end, and you're all that mattered?'

'I don't care when as long as it's soon, I don't care how as long as it happens, I don't care who sees us, it could be in a car in a local store parking lot.'

(In the woods, of sneaking around.)

'It's all the same to me along as I am with you!' 'Do me this favor and take it from me. I don't want to be thirty when I get married either, I want it now as I want you now.'

She said…

‘As long as you are the one, I want you to be the first in everything, you shouldn’t feel caught up by him to feel love like that. I am not sure if I'll be your first, but I want to be the last.’

‘You should be feeling the love from me.’

‘The love I can give and take with you. It's love, I have for you… not entrapment.’

‘Really, I don’t think- I am being selfish it is just time- for this, all this all happens to me.’ She said…

‘I have waited for far too long now!’

‘Self-seeking I just need you, to save me!’

She is- ‘Bounded into taking care of everyone else, while nobody takes care of her.’ She spoke.

‘Fixed into a setting at home and going out to get away.’ She feels.

‘Wedged into using others money, because they won’t let her work in her hometown, I have everything I need, but not what I want.’ She spoke.

‘Caught into doing work, and not getting paid. Trapped for life, and afraid!’ She whispered.

‘Jammed into my faith, yet to me, that is a good thing.’

‘Hopeful that there is a life after death if not then life is not worth living is it.’ She alleged.

‘Surrounded by them into fear of death, trapped into seeing death all around me.’ She whispered.

‘Chosen into being around life, that just doesn’t get it.’ More of her thoughts were spoken.

‘Trapped into feeling cold.’

‘Entombed into being warm to those that are cold.’

‘Permanent into seeing the small light, in the never-ending darkness. ‘Squeezed into never- ever giving up.’

~*~

(Longing and Desire)

‘I am longing to see you.’

‘Longing to be with you, longing to hear from you.’

‘I am longing for you.’

‘A longing like desire, I am desiring what I am longing for, and desiring is what trapping me to you right now.’ ‘Longing and desire, that I have for

you are pushing you away from them, and- also me.’

‘Like a dark storm over your head. You have longed for me, but can it be, but will you and I be more than longing and desire?’

‘Will we always be trapped in too long and desire, by the ones that long and desire to keep us apart?’

‘I am longing and desiring your kiss on my lips!’

‘I am longing for your desiring hug with my hand right above your hips.’

‘Letting go of the past, with its dark toxic memories seeing them slip and rip from our grip and fade away, for a brighter happier day, all I can do is pray for the both of us. You and I, being together is necessary!

13

‘Do you love me, he asked then she was like it was not something they could say- more what I feel- you understand.’

‘She smiled, he nodded.’

‘Yes, in a peculiar way…’

‘I am getting too old for this- he said.

Do I make you happy?’ He spoke.

‘As I asked her this, I felt my heart beginning to race, for him yet I don’t know if it was racing back for me or the other girl oh so long ago.’ She thought.

‘Yet, I did not care- and I don’t get why at all- with what I do.’

‘Of course, I do you, I am a girl- she said, yet not this one…’

‘I knew what she meant by that?’

‘You’ll see when I am gone.’ I wonder what she meant by that one…

(A week passed, and she killed herself over bullying in her small hometown.)

‘I don’t want you to be ever- ever the blame.’

‘Well- it doesn’t work that way,’ I said not understanding.

‘She looked away, sadness crossing the features of her face, hoping that day would never- ever come- that we would not be allowed to be together- yet it happened.’

‘’I do not know if I can anymore.’ She said.’

‘I don’t know if we should be doing this- he said her name, I feel hand-me-down, but don’t want to give up-on you.’

(I should not have said that looking back.)

‘Why don’t you want me for me? She said- ‘it’s me and this town was in dragging us down.’’

‘’Yes,’ she finally said, her voice week yet somehow still full of capacity.’

‘I would do this…’

‘Lastly getting control of myself I kissed her again, then brought her hand to her face, and moderately running my fingers over her cheek and through her long brown hair.’

‘Looking into those sparkly brown eyes, that glitter in the moonlight.’

‘She marveled at the softness of her skin and how she closed her eyes, he was her age- and his mind if anything, the tenderness was within her eyes, yet was it all there… or was she fading away then?’

‘Even now she was perfect, and he was too, for her, it was just the age- and the town saying not so-o. My throat

began to tighten long for it, but as I said, I knew what I had to do.'

'It was that moment that time, it was all right, the sense I had to accept, that it was not within my power to cure him of the phase in my mind it was not there, what I wanted to do was give him something that he wanted, and never got, as a girl, he was looking at me do things differently- then other girls in this town- I knew.'

'I can adequately accept it and describe the intensity of what I was feeling- at that instant.' 'Love, ire, wretchedness, faith, and horror whirling

together sharpened by the tension- I was feeling. Yet it was all good to release it all.'

'I Zoey looked at myself curiously and my breaths became shallower. He calls me out by my name, and it was everything to me.'

'Suddenly, I knew that I'd never felt as strongly for another person as I did at that moment- not- even before.'

'As I reimbursed her stare, this simple understand and made me desire for more, the time, that I could make all this go away, and have more of this- is it even possible or likely?'

‘I would have traded my life, for his or like give up some of my days just to have the same amount of day together- over.’ She said that then it all here in the scrapbook.

‘I wanted to tell her my thoughts, about that sweetness she had, but stop- no I would not have- yet I hold back on it, and let it all go, for me and her- should I have said my thoughts that, I would never say now?’

‘I kissed her hand it’s just, what I do, but the sound of her voice suddenly silenced the emotions inside me, to come

out with it- and it was the- l love you, she was yearning to hear.'

'Encouraged, I leaned closer and took a deep breath, and left it all out. When I breathe out softly, these were the words that poured out so-o- with my breath.'

'Will you marry me?'

'He asks- it was like it was before- yet in a new why she wanted this.' 'She said- 'Maybe…?'…And left it at that, she was grinning from ear to ear, next to him, they stayed.'

'I smiled softly, and she returned my regard with a slight cuddle of my hand

as if unquestioning me in what I was about to do.'

'It was what my heart had been telling me to do all along, it was all right- she thought- yet demons were playing in her logic.'

~*~

(Thought)

'I assumed then, already set in the answer, I'd been searching for, is here with me now- the answer my heart needed to find, is right here, the night I asked him about doing the playful things, that boyfriend- girlfriends do, my age- and

we did- yet my mind was made up of them- and what they say.’

14

‘She makes me feel amazing, she more than just a little girl to me- I-a, don’t have many words for her- just my sweetheart.’ That is what I said here… ‘He walked her home afterward, and when they paused on the porch after saying goodnight, he kissed her with more lust, of what she wanted and wondered why he had waited as long as he had to do it that way- for her to understand this was real.’

~*~

‘That is when I found her- irresistible.’

~*~

(The Girl 2)

Zoey- ‘I am now 17 years old I have changed a lot from when I was 15, I have brown eyes and brown hair, I am five nothing, and I am a bit confusing to everyone. I am in love with a girl! The most beautiful girl in the world! Her name is Zoey Shay, she is everything I want!’

‘Yes, I admit it I am in love with her! I have a crush on her for as long as I could remember, yet I never said anything to her, I didn’t what her to be

fracked out by me feeling that way about her, yet I can't hold back any longer- about a girl named Anna- I kissed her lips and ask her out, way too fast I know, but will she say- yes, if she would she be into me- to go all the way- and deep.'

'Would they be okay with dating a girl? Why would they not that my only option at this point- is it not.'

'No, they could not let this be either.'

Even so, she kept pressing on- with her new crush- regardless of what they said. 'I never- ever thought I would be this way, I never- ever thought about

going all the way with a girl, nevertheless, I feel the need to make it clear to everyone that she is what I want.'

'You know you're in love when you can't fall asleep because the reality of them there is finally better than your dreams.' 'I have sex dreams about her every night! With her fingering me.'

'And kissing my nipples, and licking me down there, yet the dreams are amazing! I want the real thing and I am going to get it too; I would go crazy if I did not.'

'Have you ever been in love with a girl?'

‘I could taste that wet in the pink tunnel of heaven in my mind! Mm-Hum: I could feel that the middle finger of her going deep inside of me as mine does. It’s like it was not a dream, at all.’

‘So, I walked up to her in the hallway today and I asked her out, and to my surprise, she said yes, yes- ‘I would love to go on a date with you.’ ‘You’re so sweet, why I wouldn't I want to.’ She said, and she said too.’

‘I never thought about being in a gay relationship, but I’ll try anything once. I find girls attentive, what’s not to

like; just look at you.’ She said, and she felt that way too.

‘You have it all, smooth skin, nice boobs, and an adorable laugh.’ All good things she thought too.

‘I could see us being more than just friends, and that is when it happens, she French kissed me in front of everyone in the hall, it was like fireworks went off, everyone was cheering for on.’

(Little did I know that it was all- just them making fun of me.)

‘She had her hands on my butt as I had mine on her chest.’

‘The first kiss was… perfect!’

She said: ‘So, honey now take me into your loving arms.’

‘Kiss me under the light of a thousand stars tonight.’

‘I’ll say I'll kiss you in the rain, so you get twice as wet.’

‘I can’t wait to play with you under your underwear- at your locker.’

‘I want to lose myself between your legs, in my bed, in your bed, outside I don’t care- everywhere.’

‘I want to watch as you lick your fingers after you have gone down on me, and you have been down inside me.’

‘Let us freak and cuddle, and pound our little ladies together do it, repeatedly, sharing the realistic one that we need to have this happen- she then I- then she and over.’

‘I want to hear you say you want to taste me!’

‘I want to make it with you in public, and in my room too.’

She said to me- and they did, for them all to see, and make fun of.

‘I have sex with you a lot in my mind… does that freak you out.’ Anna said to her.

‘Nope not at all, Zoey said sheepishly.’

‘It turns me on!’ Anna said, ‘that your so naïve it sweet she said tapping her on the nose.’ ‘Face down ass up, or legs up in the air… I would ‘I want her to spank me, I want to be her naughty girl.’ She said to her in a way that was older than her years.

‘I want to eat it out and never stop!’ Said Anna.

‘In a way rubbing one out is a form of stress relief, it calmed me doing it study hall class thinking about her, I was going to sit behind her- and let her know I was even, so I was looking forward to that- moment all day, I don’t think I can hide this smile on my face- it was time, all the other girls know- too they can see me- what I just did- it was obvious.’

‘My clitoris is still so-o sanative, as I ask to go to the bathroom, from the lunchroom where they have study hall- to clean up some. Even my teacher knew that I was just doing it, and he was smiling at me too.’

‘Zoey, Zoey, Zoey!’ She said breaking the quiet role, ‘I’d love yes either way.’’

Anna- yelled and her girlfriends giggled.

Read this simplemindedness, Anna said- ‘I want her to come in my mouth, over and over and over. I want her to kiss me all over and suck me down and play with it.’ Said Zoey in a note that would last the test of time.

She also said the following- ‘Please rip off my clothes now and let us do it here in school, and that is what we did we went into the girl’s bathroom and

had girl sex for the first time.’ Said Anna, it was all part of the plan for us girls that could not stand her, she needs to- ‘gotten rid of’- she said.

‘It was the best pleasure- that I have ever had in my life.’ Said Zoey- here in her little sweet book that knows gives a care about, and Anna throws it- a- crossed the room.

She even said that she- ‘loved fingering freaking me in a public place, with all the girls walking in to see us doing it.’ Awe- no? she said with a mean streak.

‘It’s the hornet truth she has it all in there about us, I have ever been with her like this- that my story and prove that it’s not, she felt the same way- about every girl with an ass- or and a boy who squirted all over her face.’

Zoey said to Anna, ‘I would do whatever you tell me to do.’

‘I want you to kill yourself!’ Said Anna…

(And that night she did- with a by drowning in the

Hastings pool, at night- her pastime place is where she was happy to end her life.)

Anna- I remember her saying to me- ‘Hey- do you want to go with me to the movies this Friday coming up?’ I said yes, I can say I did not learn to like the girl.

‘We don’t have to look at the movie we can make out, it is dark in there. I would love to- I said with excitement.’ I- Anna remember it all.

There they both are- ‘At the movie, the lights went dark, it was the scary part, I was drawn to the screen, but then she moved her whole body into mine, and she surprised me in a way that you would not believe.’

Zoey- 'I think, I love you!' Said Anna ‘I want you to show me how much you love me! (That was the night before…) What do you say will you show me!’’ She said like a baby- this one was- like a dumb baby.

I- said this to her- ''Open up to me, and I’ll open up for you in so many ways, I will blow your mind!' ‘After loving and losing I became gay and found love- with her and I do feel bad…’ …And she snickered out loud- saying- ‘yes right,’ that all that matters- here she dead- not the love that's a life- see her- end.’

I recall- ‘Skirt pushed up and hand and fingers feeling everything she wanted me to feel like it is going to her soul or more.’ Said Anna, she believes in a god, and a soul too- cute- shows the simple not?

‘She did want to be here anyways- or in school, she was not that bright after all. I knew more than she ever thought- the town feels the same- you can fix simplemindedness.’ Said Anna.

‘We- spent hours together talking about our dreams- I could have cared less to hear them, yet I had a job to do… about

the old pervert and then that creepy-creep creeper of a boy, and seeing the world, her wanting to be so- so illustrator-ie- for fun- talking about him- the old man being the chief of damp night spot back in the day, when she lost her virginity to creepo, it was all the same as back in 1940- she said- and I was like are you on drugs, its 2016 girl gets real- all you need to care about is what is underneath your skirt.' Anna- said as an 18-year-old, 'I can't write, I don't know how to-you do it if you think you can,' she was mocking me…

She said about her man- this and her man that- that she would- 'Like a kiss

in the rain that you would never- ever forget the first time, and it was a kiss in the rain, long and lasting forever- that say with you forever.’ Sardonic she read this, having a tough time doing it also.

She goes one reading like a 5-year-old- ‘It wasn't that long the most painful thing about life, it was a perfect feeling of having it, and it certainly wasn't the kind of kiss you see in movies these days, but it was delightful in its way- taking the pain of life away, and all I can evoke about the twinkling stars and in my eyes, is that when our lips touched, I knew the reminiscence would last forever, and be added to the scrapbook but in

color- by me to last forevermore, like before in his- and his and in mine, along with her too.'

'Fah and here it is people, laying on the floor…' she runs over to it jumping up and down on it to define it in any way she could- even spitting on the loose pages- like the twisted little pig she was.

'The memories were gone; love gone by one that would never feel love- NEVER- EVER- EVER-NEVER!'

~*~

'I don't feel that this is okay to do- It pains me too much anyways- to

keep looking, and she loved me more than life.’

(Or did you just want to think that- over the fact, you want to think that, and it made you feel happy?)

‘He got up and walked to the front of the café and looked up the road- saying I will make my exit now- taking the book with me if you don’t mind.’

‘She was walking after him- saying that belongs to me, insight flashing her fingers, he wouldn’t be stopping, she ran up to meet him, yet she ran with her hitting his arm, almost knocking them over, yet he did not stop.’

‘He pulled a knife and said I’ll stab your face off! For killing a girl that was more of an asset to this town than you’ll ever be.’ She backs down, he gets jail time, and she walks away from a free person.

The police officers one his tell now- he walks to her dads' home- ‘They fall together- the dad falls in the rocker- that was given to them, and it all starts again- all the pain of life.’ He is taken away in handcuffs, and Anna is standing there dumbly looking at me with a misgives smile on her face- if I got away with all of this…

Sitting in the squad car- I look at the pages all tattered parts that are reverbing- ‘Say- I am everything- ‘You're- everything to me.’’

I read- I don’t think that we're meant to understand it all the time, I don’t want anything bad to happen- and they do they are to blame, I’d think that sometimes we just have to have faith, and go with it, and hope for the best, yet I don’t care, I am on my way to understanding something clearly at last.’

‘What the- HELL…!’

‘I was thinking… SHE KNEW ALL

ALONG SHE WAS GOING TO DIE.'

'So, that is the ghost you been running from, it like she was looking at me doing this, yet she not there. Everything was all in black and white like the photos of the past.'

'Haunting feeling of doing the wrong thing for the right wrong came over me, and I was no longer the bad guy.

After getting a mugshot and fingerprinted, and a trip to district judges, I was free to go.

'I sat on the porch that night I was reading the draft of this story- a story

of the past, as people who are no one, can become somebody to someone in this world, photos- of happy times, sad times, lasting- yet them not so-o, listening quietly as he played the music of her childhood, I read- saying this we do-

‘Know warder the kid today is like- so-o messed up,’ he said, ‘maybe something here well snick in.’

‘They're all being crazy, stupid, in love falling somewhat apart and somewhat together- or trying to forget something or someone.’

‘All trying- to forget, the pain of living in a small town with its charm- that come with it.’

‘Everywhere he looked, he saw her face and sexy body, saw things that brought her back to life within the pages of a story that would stand the test of time more than some mean girls hate, it was she was standing right there as the wind blow- he felt her- spirit.’

‘It was odd, he knew that- yet he could feel it.’

‘Previously that evening he had sat on the porch a hundred times it never felt that way or so, it seemed to him being

apart, he sat alone on the porch swing of her parents' home, one leg crossed beneath was the leaves blowing- that she loved so-o and showing all that is here once more- all that-a is life- to him and her- like blowing leaves in the autumn.'

'The branches ensured naked now- and could the swing is slightly moist when he sat down; the rain had fallen previously to that moment, unstable and cruel, but the clouds were dying now and he looked past them, toward the stars coming out above, that was picking through, wondering if he would have made the right choice- by giving this book out to the world, to get it- or not- some

time is life too, and look for someone new of his age- would be right also, to move on.'

'I as the writer would struggle with this for days- and I struggled some more in the evening- thinking about death far too much, but in the end, she knew she would never forgive herself or not be true to her self or me, and even then, if she let the occasion blunder come her way- she would find a path that seemed right- even if ending too soon- she is now right for some that are going down the wrong pathway- lasting endlessly, in their minds.'

15

I- ‘Today, I begin to understand what love must be if it exists... in this dying world, have changed, and got bitter to live.’

‘When we are parted, we each felt the lack of love- together not so much- life makes you bitter.’ ‘We are incomplete like a scrapbook in two volumes- that should have never been published before reading clearly- of which the first has been lost, or ripped apart, or has imagined love to be wrong to most that would look: incomplete with no non-

appearance of the truth that is lying within- that gives salvation.'

'10 years- where they go- 10 years, I don't know?'

'It was an easy drive to- Hastings, slightly more than four hours ago, and I arrived a little before noon.'

'I checkered into a small Inn downtown, went to my room in a place not far away- from where it all happened, and undone my bags and got into bed like always, hanging my things in the closet- they give, I look at myself- saying you have changed- in the glass, I needed to do before falling asleep, alone yet, I was with

her in my mind- after all this time still, and it felt as if her hand and thoughts, were in his mind still.'

'Putting everything else away for the day, all he wanted was to feel all that- he could not sleep- think about her- and where she might be.'

'The next moment he was lost- in a dream, he had a quick lunch- after waking late, sitting all alone in that same cafe, asked the waitress for directions to the nearest antique store- he wanted to find something his beloved wanted a long time ago, he spent hours shopping and looking for it, yet nothing he got made

him happy, it was not for anyone to see- it was for him and her to keep near- it was the typewriter that made the story and him wealthy- that he sold off the published their story to the world- and there it was missing parts- yet all there- for the most part- he was delighted.'

'He was going… the next day- the real reason he left the following morning- as he did not want to remember any more of this town- even if lovely- it was just too much for him to grasp.'

~*~

(Did it break his heart?)

‘It’s just a couple of days before the end,’ he said, of me letting go- ‘I need a break from planning my life, even if it has gone places that I have never dreamed of… if we can have had one night together- maybe I would not be where I am at today- and for that- you have helped me.

‘Thank you!’’ He said under his breath. ‘He felt bad about the untruth- within his story- but knew there was no way he could tell them the certainty of how he felt deep in the inside- of the truth.’

I remember her saying to me- ‘My daddy used to tell me that the first time you fall in love, it changes your life incessantly, and no matter how hard you try, the feeling’ never fades.’

He mummer here, say so wise for her age- ‘You have been telling me about your first love, I didn’t see it then- I do now, and what can I do that-a life no?’

‘And no matter what I do, she sits in here nothing but looks in my mind of her faces, and photo to keep crying her eyes out about life and pain- joy and hate alike, she’ll stay with you forever- like she did with me and never let go.’

‘I see me looking over photos more and more from the Ebensburg fair her holding a tabby bear, she was lost in the trances, like in that small café,’ the small park across the way the children's carousel at the fair, all the chestnut trees, quarters going in the wishing well, so they could have more days together.’

‘I'll be seeing you… someday… if I-a goes to see you soon. I thought that all the money in this world cannot make you happy- I would give it all to have you back.’

~*~

(Haunting voices)

I recollect- ‘She said it out- crying in twisted pain, dad looking in worry- she lost it… over this fall romances, with this girl and I want justice.’

‘That was the end, she never saw another day, after making the scrapbook of memories- a page on the internet, all the ingredients of life- was complete- perfect, yes-? …Perfect for love- passionate like hate, nevertheless- ‘that’s- a life… No?’’

‘That is when I found her- Zoey… down deep.

14 feet below- in the same pink dress as always.’

‘The 17 years old girl, with dark eyes and brown hair, that was five nothing, and unclear to everyone that miss- understood her. The most beautiful girl in the world!’

‘Her name is Zoey Shay, she is everything.

Hasting's well remembered for! Yes, I admit it, I am in love with her still!

‘’You know you're in love when you can't fall asleep because the reality is finally better than your dreams.’’

‘And so-o with that said my story here ends… after loving and losing, I found love and have a loss, find what

matters in life is what living is all about, ‘that is a life- no?’’

Zoey- well you will always be remembered!

16

(The thoughts end)

‘Isn’t it obvious?’ She shakes her head and pulls me toward the door. Back into the castle, where I just stay put, refusing to budge, thinking about death. Nothing is obvious… about life-ending too fast. Nothing makes sense anymore, to me.

She pauses, hand on the knob of the next door into a large sitting room, more than a little hurt when she says, ‘I thought it was a satisfactory solution, for now, to cast the memories away into a crystal ball- and that was where I was heading, with Naddalin. But you would prefer I not to touch you at all, right now?’

That is not what I intended!

Not at all! I good- I need you here... said Nevaeh.

The next night it is are a repeat of the last...

...That night- It was raining heavily. Heavy droplets pounded against the windowpane as the murky clouds obscured her view some yet not all. Now walking back for the walls of bones, looking up I see kids look ever so small from the top tower, looking down at me.

I remember what I have done, they are here over me caring about them now, standing out looking you can see the clouds, above that platform of the huge of 25 stories- French chateau castle turret there is a lighthouse above the biggest part of the hall rooms underneath, and the light above has somewhat rhythmic flashes of white, the castle sets high up in

the air, on a rock that looks twisted like driftwood, littered with trees- that glimmer at night as if enchanted with twinkling lights within the branches and leaves, along with a copy truss bridge, over the waves.

Nevaeh remembered as a child paying on, that has the railway that rooms through the castle, and around its base. There is a 180 degrees panorama view within the bathing room along with the parlor, as described with large arched windows.

A twisting pathway- that comes from the marina, that is made of-of a long

stone bridge with 14 archways, atop that tutor and Victorian-style building, that docks many sailboats, many windows, many stones, over 270 feet in the air is the tallest tower. Soft lights glow on the bride, and down the pathway; 19 towers with pointed gold-covered turrets.

The train comes in with a fogged glow around the puffs of steam, letting out more girls, to the school end of the castle, hard splashing waves, hit the rock faces, 3 to every minute, flying houses soring around the tops of roof pecks. A slight Lilac haze over all the waters and skies.

The railroad wraps around then underneath the castle, itself falling about 30 feet within the cover, into a long dark tunnel, next to a waterfall, full of otherworldly animals inside, then exits to the tallest viaduct know to our world, hundreds of feet in the air, and it rocks side to side in the wind as the train goes over, the line is known as 'Tracks in the Sky.'

17

That night more thoughts come back to me, things that I have not thought about in years, rip through my mind. My brain goes back to when I was at school,

made to go to the auditorium. I was a little girl when I was brought forth in front of the whole student body of thousand boys and girls of middle school grades, this day- I was made to were my panties just so they could be removed along with my lower skirt, as I was hunched over with my butt to them all- as they giggled at me- for being me, to be made a spectacle as always for my teachers to paddle me- one by one all 100 of them took a hit, for deep down- they said to me, I knew I need to be pushed and have my ass red as it could be.

('The bad girl...')

Only the top part of my uniform stayed on for what was an hour of mucking me. The paddle even snapped, where I would not have a case, over being the town's delayed held back in progress of, development, or accomplishment child. The courthouse to make a case giggled in my face for even thinking of trying over I cannot think at all, for being classed a braindead.

'That's not what I intended!'

Were the words that brought this back to mind? Then- I remembered something that I lost to time, of them molesting my mind, the love a boy had for

me regardless. He was the boy love of my life, I wonder what happened to me, I wound why. I wonder too much... of the question of why- of this and that. 'Baking hearts and minds,' is not what I intended, it was all over my mind lost to the time of remembrances, and now- I must rewind the hands of time to remember in flashbacks.

It is said to me now even his name has lost all meaning to me now, to time. I try to even remember me at times, and those fads away like a death in a moment of time of loss, snack in the cold of the night, is a death like a memory.

I remember when Jaylnn was sent to the outdoor juvenal jail camps just for girls of her kind- um of the kind just like me, nothing I could do, yet she blames me still to this day, like me, sent away from me over they wanted to hurt me more, over I was not a fit parent, for being part of the town I never left, sent to work camps, they said she was a copy of me and the apple does not rot far from the tree. That is why when she came back so embarrassed by more mucking, she took her life, and yet again to hurt me. I should have left her to be a high school dropout.

Her bones lay here too, within this long wall. She never had any more

than a pre-K education, that all they said her teachers and district that she could handle. I should have never let her stay in my hometown with me... I should have taken her out of school too. I should of, I could of... and the of... and if... hunts me. Odd, like- I could not save her from herself, yet that is the way she wanted it.

To have a child that was so gorgeous, so sexy, so amazingly awesome- and to not be able to touch her-is the worst kind of agony, I have in this world. Fantasizing about the past- I come down with the feelings of a cold when we both know we do not get sick of reality, it is not likely, and other ridiculous avoidance

techniques that left me feeling deeply ashamed of how I feel. It has been torture, simple, my health shows my life.

To have only one left in my life of lives, that is just the same, sometimes- I feel undeserving- for everything Naddalin has done for me, even today I call it being blessed. I whisper, the second we are alone again, how much I love her she is also my best friend more than anything. 'My always and forever.' ‘I mean, I know we can’t risk any accidental palm sweat exchange or anything like that, but still, don’t you think it looks kind of odd?’

The hunted angel ghost of Jaylynn is next to me now as I set in my chair; ‘I don’t care about that anymore she said to me in a pulling long letting-out voice.’ Her sincere, open gaze is fixed right on mine- into see-through eyes. ‘I don’t care what other people think anymore and still, you do, still, you do.

'I only care about you, and you are only.' Said Jaylynn to her mother.

Only moments went by when she then said this-

'Fascinating creature's we girls are then grown into women- when lost and longing for whatever the heart is

looking for, always looking for a man to be into them- in always another cloud be, or another with more strength than a man could have, or she has at any given moment, always wishful for that understanding sweet, caring, hope, that she may never have satisfied, it's just the girl’s nature, to always be unsure about themselves at times.' Said Jaylynn.

‘So wise…’ She said back.

18

Every night, I still hold on to Maggie's panties and sniff them remembering the keepsake of her life and mine at that time, the love- I had for that

girl at the time, I was her rock- just like all the girls in this story- finding their way. I have kept them all these many-many years... something that I have brought over from the other side, dumb to some, I know or unpleasant, yet the love of things that were once yet needs a reminder of why by the senses is what I must do. Touch, feel, smell, and even sometimes taste is the memory loss that comes back to me when holding something so small acute in my hands bunched up. I have loved and lost, yet that is not always what I see, some have taught me, pain, some love, trust, forbearance, much tolerance, loss of

restraint, needed self-restraint, some resignation, to have stoicism, found fortitude, to have sufferance, pushing with endurance, a deep-down breath of calmness, found composure, and even-temperateness. it is what it means to be a woman! Bedtime is a time that was always long and drawn out for me. I lay in the darkness, unable to pass to the slumber, my mind always racing as it always did.

Then in her sleep, my baby squeezes my fingers... I look deep into the opens the door with her mind- as she passes me in, leading me right past Emmah and the other girls as we head for

our desks, these are more dreams that have come true. Oh, how has time changed in the last 10 years, Emmah, I have not seen her for at least 5 years now. No, she was only there in her dreams for me to remember, the way she was. I find it in times to just cast away all memories, like pain- to keep from going insane. Sometimes, I am just that... crazy.

And even though I have not seen her since Friday, lost in my mind, when I- Nevaeh woke from Naddalin's spell, and it seems as if a year has gone by...

Naddalin- I am sure she hated me for it, yet it was a year of rest of being

lost to sleep, yet her mood has not dampened a bit, with me being me the last couple of days and days well be all she thinks happened. I took her place, she needed rest.

19

The electronic tombstone was my idea with the screen, to playback a loved one's life, more than just the dates to help mend, yet never fully cope with the pain of loss. That is what I have in place for all the planets that I have made new homes for life, to flourish- death is always, an end to a fresh start.

Naddalin’s looks to play that tired old game, of hope. But while I am fully braced for her usual ploy to trip me up- today she is too distracted by old ghosts too, while I am fully braced for her usual ploy of dropping her bag in my path, to see if I will fall over, she knows I am clumsy. Her unhurried gaze traveling the length of her, from her head to her toes, before starting all over again.

But just because she ignores me does not mean I can relax or trust that it is over with me I always said it was, yet with her games, I know more than she thinks I do, yet I trust her more than she

thinks too, and I am more relaxed than she thinks also, that would be love, no?

I remember walking the halls- 'I was told that by AVA she was going to cut my head off and poop down the stump.'

Because the truth is, it is never over with Emmah, even now, and I have since left the past with her now behind. She has made that abundantly clear- that she blames me for everything.

20

If anything, she is more charged up and vicious than ever making the little reprieve nothing more than the calm before the storm, I know that Emmah is

now AVA, I just know. …Yet seeing is believing.

‘Ignore her, all day and now for years,’ Naddalin whispers to me saying it is okay to feel this way, scooting herself close the edges of her butt practically overlap my legs. Besides even though I nod as though I am okay with it all, the truth is- I cannot be it was always my little girl- yet she not that any longer she is a WOMAN. As much as I would love to pretend, she is invisible- I cannot do it.

Karly is the girl with blue hair, know Savannah, it was something she

went back in time to do, using the crystal around her neck.

'We girls all from school love to swim with the mermaids, it's the best way to end the evenings.' This is the story of how we made them girls' part of us and our world.

(Girls like you and I)

Looking back on this look at the photos of this old book… there we are… like fading- into the scene… I and you can see all this play out…

‘The shut Generation…’ or so we were called- for just having a summer love and fun… That is the name of our

softball team- not really… the name I loved… but that the name we got from them- The team's name was not what, I said- was cool- but I was not the one to pick it… Like so- we were the - Ponytail Express- or so the shirts said way oh back then. Just some really- cute kick-butt girls- having a summer of rivalry with other girls and finding ourselves… inside and out.

Intermission-

I am number- 19 for life… Her- um- she number- 14.

1

I have flashbacks, I recall- AGREEING with my thoughts I go back in time. I stepped into my room and closed the door; a sigh of relief escapes my lips.

The window of my room oddly was locked. I gripped the edge of my window and tried to push the glass up. I remember nights that I would sneak out, and go to the fields with her, I climbed the side of my house. Well, that was a big waste, I thought, other thoughts. School

was a total waste of my time. Summer was all that mattered. Softball was all that was my world, and her. The girl was giving me mixed signals, I remember it all, yet what I have is that one summer, one minute, she would be all over me, saying things like I like you and giving me peppered kisses but the next second, she had run away from like I had a something wrong. This was outside of the ball field. I am not an abnormal lady.

I wink at her. Who locked my window? I let go of the niche and landed on my feet. A dull sting ran through my legs. Oh, cramp… cramp! I pressed my back against the side of my house and

crawled toward the back entrance. Mom was going to kill- if she found out - that I snuck out again- to see a girl. Dad would be even worse. I remember coming home that night after necking in the dugouts with her… and all the basses were run.

Coming home- I unlocked the door, put the key back, and slowly turned the knob, I pulled the scalation spare key out of the plant next to the door. I peeked through the glass door… then inside of my mom and dad's room, they never knew- so I thought, yet I am sure that would be short-lived. I ran up the steeps dipping wet hair entwined, it was running hard that night, it was after 10 PM, I went

to put on my PJ's then went down, still scared, of what I did, and all the 1930's cars with their headlamps running me off the muddy road, to my home. After taken a long bath, in the tin tub, in the middle of the Kitchen, to only the flicker of my gas lamp, I made sure all the kitchen gas lamps were off- for the night. I snuck around the kitchen and hurried up the stairs. I remember I stepped in and closed the door behind me.

I heard my mother's voice, calling me asking me why I had taken a bath at this time of night. A shiver goes down my spine. I am dead I thought. 'Well, it's nice to see I remember saying to her as she

was holding my hand taken me into the dugout.' What do you do tonight to have to take a bath? You know we only do that once a week?' I turned around and turned on my charm, 'Mom, what goes on- with your child? You look so today, in the face what is that all over it?

Mom- she had some weird stuff on her face. Mom smiled, her long hair pulled back into a ponytail, if mine if not longer. It is supposed to make her look younger; she thinks I think not. I bet she looked like me, that why daddy loves her… for that, I am sure. Like that is possible, that he would love her more than me… too, I remember him. Then that

all changed, to like me going through the change. ‘This is the seventh time you snuck out this month! What is the matter with you?’ …Are you seeing a boy? No-ma.’ I am not seeing a boy- what I was hiding from her as he was a- she and I were not lying was I?’

Is it wrong for me to want a girl? Damn, ‘It’s not like I’m doing anything bad- or was I? If you noticed, I always come back by 10- and it’s summer.’ I remember saying that to her. Odd my mom was too nice about it. Yet this was also a change in her. She raised her eyebrow, saying ‘just don’t get pregnant.’

Oh, ‘You little…. If you sneak out again, your dad is going to take care of it for me, you will not live to see me tomorrow.’ I knew that was not true, we did not agree, yet he was not mean, he just did not have much time for me.

I perched my lips, ‘If I sneak out the day after tomorrow, am I okay- if I tell you whom- I am seeing?’

‘Okay- tell me,’ she said.

…And it was all okay- and I did not understand why.

-Then-

‘We're good with this…’

She nods, and giggles- pats me on the head saying- ‘yah were good, you can see here just get your butt back here by 10.’

‘Summer love…’ she mutters under her breath, ‘this girl- what am I going to do with you?’

She shook at me at the steps saying love is love right, unthreatening. I hugged her back, scared- that I was sick.

I remember- my new dad walked into the room, feeling little in his arms- and my PJ’s, pulling at my hair as if I was baby girl.

I smiled at my dad, in his baby like hold on me, even if he is all new to me it was nice- and wrong at the same time. Mom always had my side- or so I thought, so he would come around.

You snuck out again- he taps me on the nose, ‘silly girl!’

‘Boys… already?’

‘I like sports more da-dad-’ and my voice shook as I said that.

More like one of the boys…

‘You can say that again,’ whispered my mother.

You can’t be serious that this is, okay?’ Mom argued, obviously pissed that dad took my side.

Dad shrugged, ‘she’s just a girl, babe. I used to do this when I was young too.’ Play is playing… its summer puppy love, that all.

‘Yes!’ I peeled in and Mom glared at me, in the low light of my room that was far too cozy and the wind blowing the drapes of my window, that was still open. Okay, bad idea.

Mom fluttered her eyes at Dad and bit her lower lip, ‘But he was not getting it- he thought I was normal, this is

like the seventh time. She needs to be punished, to meet new kids.'

Yet, I did not feel abnormal, by kissing a girl and liking as the rain poured, in the dugout of the ball field that I loved just as much as she, at that moment, yet this was the first time- like- um- I felt love.

'Disciplined?' I gawped, 'Exacting words, Mom.'

…?…

~*~

Dad smiled, 'How about we ground him for a month?'

Mom pouted, ‘Truly, I was thinking about whipping her with your beloved belt.’

My jaw nearly dropped, ‘Ma’!’

Dad laughed, patting my curly hair down from his hand. I cupped my hands together and giggled, at the thought I thought was so true.

Mom rolled her eyes and pointed her finger at me, ‘Grounded for a month, missy and if you sneak out again, the belt will be your new best friend.’

Dad grinned and wrapped an arm around his new young wife, ‘Goodnight as

they walked out of my room just nearly closing the door.'

He hauled her out of the room, in her arms like he was holding me- it was gross. I smiled and jumped into bed, jumping also in the same leap out of the PJ's. Grounded for a month- God! Yes, right, I see her tomorrow. By tomorrow morning- I was in love, Mom will forget what happened and I will be good. It will all be good. I am sure, I said over and over.

The meaning was the best thing about moving her…

(One day has passed)

I remember doing the same thing over- I screamed and dropped to the floor, my sheets tangling between my legs. Ow. This night when for more, more than ever…

She even laughed at me, and I got up and chased her up the road- saying she did not want to go home yet. Passing 100-year-old tree, and brick roads, she squealed loudly- I remember- when I touched her, as she pounded down the stairs of the bleachers- as if anyone would say anything at midnight- with nothing but the sounds of crickets- and the moonlight above- and us in a blanket

holding hands her head on my one shoulder.

She ran into the kitchen, with me she was going to spend the night and creep out the window in the morning, and I grabbed up all the things that were a night of being- so bad, throwing her over my body. I tickled her and I heard someone gasp.

If my grandpa knew what I was doing, and if the town- yet I did not care… I was not shutting out what I wanted.

I stopped and looked up to see my mom’s mouth hanging open, motionless- when she investigated my room that

night. And I was in my bed with a girl… with a plate of pancakes in her hands, for two she sat in our bed say here, girls.

At the breakfast table was my dad, a little smirk on his face, when he asked who my friend is… face red about to burst into laughter any second.

Lastly, there was some girl I had never seen before. She has a lot of hair for a boy that has hair that has reached the edge of her shoulders. Her bangs swayed to her left eye at times.

She had small lips that were a light pink shade. She was an average

Jane. Her expression was blank and blasé. To them but not to me…

Unenthusiastic?

‘This girl must be crazy, not to be home- or say she is with you.’ Said, my dad.

I was standing partially naked- the next night with her in my room.

Not to be overconfident or anything but I am freaking good-looking, ladies- said my mom as she passed the door.

I had the perfect tan and a sexy six-pack if I say so myself. I got my looks

from my real dad, but he did not have a body like I did when he was my age. This girl should be drooling over me right now, and she was.

Her eyebrow dropped, still a bored expression. Whatever I give up. I shrugged and ran upstairs to put on some clothes, said my dad. I stretched my arms, flexing my biceps. I gave a short nod to the girl, and she was still unfazed by me. Her eyebrow shot up as if trying to say as if this was normal.

Mom stepped into the kitchen and smiled as well, ‘Thank goodness too.

We’ll finally have a responsible tween in the household.’

2

(Going back in time)

Um, Dad? - Mm-hmm? I -I mean daddy. Like, do you- um- remember when like you- like- um promised you would teach me to play catch and softball? - Mm-hmm he said looking down at me so young then. Um, wa-well, could you teach me I remember saying looking up at him with big sad blue eyes?

So, with something that was incredible going on, it should've underway off with loads of wonderful

things happening to me, but it did not. Anyways- I moved to the neighborhood two weeks before school let out. It was the same summer that Dodger Maury Wills would break the stolen bases record. It was the same summer that Dodger Maury Wills would break the stolen bases record. I was from another state, and I did not have a single friend in a thousand miles.

It was a lousy way to end up the fifth grade, because- um I had no time to make friends before summer. And that is about where it all started. My real dad died when I was just a little kid. My mom had married Dad about a year before we

moved to the Valley. At the time, he and I were still getting used to each other. Yeah, I had followed them to the Softball Field once after school. I had never seen any place like it.

Look around I am new to this place, yet I see- (Girls are Shouting- yet not for me- yet anyway.) It was like their own little softball monarchy or. It was something… It was the ultimate place I had ever seen anyway. All the new girls for me a girl to see… and get to know, something that was taboo in my old town- that is why we moved here… a girl would be into me…

The year well it is 1931- the 1932 World Series is coming up. It was once said in a Girl's world, there is one all-time utmost moment in the antiquity of sports. We as girls do not have any girl to look up to on the softball field, do we…? The boys have there are, why is it not so with us? The story goes that in the lowest of the ninth inning with two outs, a full count, and the tying run on base, Babe Ruth outstretched his arm and pointed to the centerfield stands. Nope, not one single guy/gal believed it, there the swing- nobody had ever done it before those Girly times. He was calling his shot and I

was looking up there down at him with my dad and younger sister.

It was in the greatest summer of my life up till the post before boys and drama of all that... when he- my dad taught me to play softball, and he became my best friend. At the edge of my set, he is running home. As well as even if he had been an idol formerly, that the next pass, yen' all know that is how he became a legend- and my dream boy- well at that time anyway. 40 years later, a girl named Havilah Franklyn... became a district legend and my girl crush. Plus, she got me out of the biggest pickle I would ever be in... Clued McCoy plays his horn on the

talk box… Bertram. Nonetheless, like they were good, really- really- good.

Um- like- Come on, Bertram! As well as all I had was a plastic doll that my grandmother gave me… yet, I was more of an adventurous child… or so that is what other girls said about me… back there, for my birthday when I was six- that is when I knew I was not into boys as much as a girl- yet I liked both- just the same- yet, not sure. On the other hand- when I finally got up enough guts to go out there and try and make friends, I found out that they never- ever kept score- about stuff like that, they never- ever- ever- picked sides. Um- like they

never even really stopped playing the game. It just went on forever- never stopping. Every day they picked up where they left off the day before. It was like an endless dream game of dream girls. - Come on! Come on! Like it was… no-joke… There were only eight of them, so they did not have a whole team.

Squints! - Unquestionably, if I had known what was going to occur when- um like- I got there, and just stood in the outfield somewhere and took up space. Even So-o…? Even though…? I did not know how to play, I figured I could be the ninth Girl… I um- I like- got it! – um- I never would have gone. It was a nice

catch; I saw for her… this girl… – Yeah it was looking at that butt and then the run… she made.

Her Dog was running after her, he was Barking.

Then they ran to me he was Growling- she was looking dumbfounded at me. Puppy love… - Come on! - Hey, batter, batter, batter! No…! No… young lust- it's what makes the world go-'round at that age. They all said in the stands over the way - Whoa! - Watch out! Yet she hit hard, um- Come on, Havilah, another girl hit a homer- she did not see the ball all she was looking at was me! She ran

into the pool and broke her nose… it looked good for a week or two. Like all-them- the- Boys Shouting about her messing up her face they want to kiss… as I do.) Oh, my freaking Lard she hit the pool… Screams- and crying… cry to mommy the d*ck-head of a boy said.

3

All of them- they were Laughing at her. Okay, I will get it, the ball that is… it was an effective way to meet, no? Get it… Hi- hi… Do not be a doofus. Do not be a doofus!

Do not be a doofus! She- I- us – we- thought. (Muffled Sound of two girls

hug was odd- yet, it happened fast, Dog Growling at my hills… he did like me yet- yet she did…) we were like this too dumb long- all of them looking at us the game stopped as they want us to get on with it… (Get a room…) 'Kiss her…' one boy said- so I did.

Yes! They went nuts!!! Now

FREAKING- Throw the ball back- before I throw up! Come on! - Yes, the hurry freaked up- fat butt said way up in the sands! We are waiting… the girl at the mound said! Throw it! Come on! A broken nose- yet a first kiss- made her feel good- that was my story, and I stuck to it. Ha!

Look at all the cute Boys Shouting that girl said to another… Come on, toss me the ball! - Come on! And I did and it cracked her right in the head- oppies- sorry… I spoke.

Come on! Oh, my God- Lovers harry up! - Laughing Carry on and then ends.

Um- like- yeah- My freaking life is over. Did you see that…? Did yah…? Like dumb Boys Babble on, laughing… about things, they do not get… a Girl is describing his thoughts- shaking his head what the world coming too… like- If it were not for Havilah, I never- ever- ever-

ever- made a single friend that summer before now, would I now- doing this- like that- like- to- her- like- now- like- at that- like- at that like- moment. Um- because all the rest of those guys thought I was a lost cause, so why not a girlfriend…? Why not… I was done with boys before; I was done with knowing what a boy hand- or did have. I thought if a boy can do it a girl was better at it… Even before we became friends, power-driven humming… and whizzing… she was wheezing… Havilah and I were associated, linked for the one moment… that would last, and last, and last, all summer…

Night, hun. The girl- Oh, I am sorry, she said to her mom. I said- It was an accident. That is when I would get us all into the biggest flipping pickle ever... any of us had ever seen. Jullie, have you made any friends yet? See your girlfriend you made today- No way. - Why not, honey? 'Because I'm still new. And- she likes may not like me now that it is a new day- remember how they were… this is a new place… I do not want you sitting around in here all summer petty with this stuff... like you did last summer and the one before, find some girls… not a boy yet… um, do you like boys yet? NO! I know you are smart, and I am proud of

you to do what you think is right- even if it is a child. I want you to get out into the fresh air and make some friends or the sweet first love- it is time. Can that person be a girl? What? Um- not really what is right- yet I do not see why not.

You have my permission. Go a little crazy… play around… so that means full around some…

Um- you what now… age…

So-o I well did…

Um- Honey, I want you to make some friends this summer, or just one that you fall for… Lots of them are here, it just takes that one. And if she is a girl? Um-

some boys are not ass's… but if she a girl… then go for it. Not too much, but some… more than I- or she- or we- or they thought we should. Like- get into trouble, for crying out loud- and crying for each other when we had to go home.

You can see us me and my little girlfriend Run around, scrape your knees, get dirty, and play in the mud. We- she and I- like being me- and being her- like we- climb trees, hop fences- and snagging dresses. How Girly mothers do you know who say something- like that to their girls? I Chuckled some at the thought of kissing a girl- little did she no- or she

did… Well, no mothers, I guess would have seen this coming.

But I am not good at anything- or anything like that, Mom.

4

Well? How did it go- I am in love with her ma'?

Cute- I thought…

Nightfall- the field.

Honey, you will always be just a know-it-all with an attitude like that… you think you love her… see what's round first… Yet if this girl is the one then goes- for her… before a boy well… what can it

heart I thought at the time… Face it, I am just an intellectual in my modern thinking- the good mother fitting in with the new whys of the day. Whispering is going around by the other girls on the softball field when it was just, she and I hanging, playing, and hugging and then the kiss, was all I need of the first puppy love to start- she had my heart.

Uh, Dad- can I, uh- yeah- fine- (weirdo he thought,) and we went off- I had nerves…

You go on back out there and ask her to be your girlfriend- she stands at the door of her home- mom looking from

the car. Yes- yes- hug… it was official- I have my first love- even if she was, she… and not he… oh well. That did not matter yet…

The next night it was just she and I… I mean, could you, like you said, teach me to play catch, she showed me more than that too kissing and her goodies too? Like I was okay with that it made me feel loved, or funny… no boy did that yet… like why I would want to see that anyways… boys are ea-ck-y…

Yes… sure, this how you do that- and how you do this… wow.

Mom, it is okay. Honey, go to be with your little girlfriend. I said- I would, and I will, but I am under the gun here, she needs this thought mom. What could it hurt? Cannot you spare half an hour, and show her know how to play softball, she said to her dad- not so she can go with this girl… That is why is safe for me to say she can go with her… dad never had the time much… Mom, it is okay. - All right… yes, stay the night… Okay. I will get my glove so the next night I just am there to play with her. See? I told you… this would happen said, dad… that it would go there… Oh, great, just what we want going to church my girl in love with

a girl… (It is oh okay John.) There 10 years old. What is it going to hurt… she needs this no… he puts a pillow over his head and yells profanities?

(Next day)

Okay… All right, Jullie, get down to that end of the yard, and I tossed it to her… she outstretched her arm and gripped it in her new glove, the ball was in her hand, and she ran to her and knocked her over legs around her now on the ground for the kiss she gave, dad said oh nice now see my kid dry humming this little one… one thing you need to know about this game she said… Where the ball

goes, your glove should go. (You know I do not like balls she said- she is 2 years older than me.) (Dad said do I hear- grunts,) she on top of her… God save us… my babies going to h*ell? Got it- I have the ball… she yields… All right… her girl said… Uh, yes… was said- I think so.

(Oh, hush it is cute, said, mom.)

Fat butt said- garb her boobs… (Mom smacked her in the head. - Silly boys- see um John- that is why I am okay with her being with a girl. The boys like this here.) Umm- hum… that is all he said. No matter whether you are in the field or at bat, eye on the ball, okay, and she

swings on got the home run… she got to all the basses… that all I say. In the game and with her playmate… Now, the key to this game is keeping your eye on the ball. Okay… Eye on the ball, okay? If the ball moves, move your glove.

Got it…?

Got it…?

Run for the basses- instead of running for her basses- one girl said named Jaycee- like she is just PO-ed that I am not kissing her- she made the middle finger in her mouth- and the gagging sound- then with a long drawing out- ou-ah- I want a boy, not you. Sorry, I did not

see you make that pass- you are out. On-looking- It is all right. (No- no it is not… it is all-right John!) it is just a game of softball… um and after the game is over…?

He spoke.

We lost over you to lover birds… said Jaycee- she competitive… and not like the ground upon… Okay, I am ready to go home and shower… you want to join me… sure… see this- yes- see that- do-this and feel it like that- and it feels right.

Giggling said, John, what are they doing in there… (mom- said- getting off…) There are little girls it okay… Okay…

what would my mom and dad say? Yes… no, what they do not know will not hurt them… let them play and find them themselves'…

All right… what was that she asked me- your first cummie, that what that was- and your first fingering… I love you… that why- I did that… now do that to me… and I did… that shower was 3 hours long girls said Mom… have fun… dad by the stupid looks on their faces I would say that is so-o. see this stuff… what is it on my finger that was yours… I do not know- oh my god that cute… and she explained it all…

(What Dad has not been there.)

Now they are going to sleep together with just night tops and no underwire- what now they are married… (They're just young girls…) and we did in the same bed, and no night tops just our skin to skin… feeling and feeling and the love was like a game of softball… just feeling it out… until the home run. Playing with her hair… and holding her hand through the night until midnight and we eat together, and it was off to the field to play- you guessed it softball… and did all over… that was the perfect summer…

On the field I am pitching- that is now my thing… Here we go again… Okay. You just need a bigger glove. Throw it back to me this time. Throw it back girl- love you she yells and the cowed gasps. Um- what the freak is her mom letting her do- I sitting right here… what am I doing letting her have a life… that is what… if you knew you would shut the h*ell up. Okay- what a… (a look was given and that shut him up.)

Okay- Jullie, keep your eye on the ball, and not on me so-o much, I know it hard… and that makes you feel that way down there too but do not miss this… These girls are nothing but finger hole

shuts on a team… said one older Girl… and the cowards started to go down… but that was not what it was about for us girls- it was for the love of the game and a love of two girls, that was wrong yet need a friend and some love. Hey, old ass sees this… Oh, My God- she put her easily my pants… and was lady-jam-ing me… in front of them all… and had me making faces. There call me that… I- we do not care…

Okay. Got it, I call the funds… over this…

Balls in the face- Balls in the face said the one girl with a lisp… Okay- she is screaming and crying- Ow! Oh, my eye!

Ow! Ow! Oh! Ow! Ow! - What happened?

- (She groans, and I held her it was my ball after all that I threw. My eye… baby- honey, get some ice. Ice now, please. – Oh no, I got it. Why do I keep doing things like this…? - Here you go.

At her home… the stakes… girl- those were for dinner. - Oh! -Just hold it there- baby. Nice and hard… said her girlfriend that was joking around with

her- making it okay. Now press it against that eye- Yeah- yah- yah I got it.

- I just took my eye off the ball for a second, Mom. - Yes, but you caught it. (She is Groaning) -Just keep that on for, like, an hour. It will still be black for weeks. No amount of makeup will cover this, but it will not swell if you hold this.

Sorry… baby for throwing this that hard.

Got to watch out for that curveball of mine.

(She is still crying- yet I am holding her.)

~*~

(Three weeks pass)

Hey.

Hi.

I am going to play some ball. We want you to come. Do you want to go…? - No. Thanks. - Why not? Don't you like softball anymore? - Oh, yes, but- But what? No- I was a tool not too much by dad. But you have my gloves and I need you there. I cannot you see… it not allowed. Uh, I see- you do not love me? Not anymore- I cannot- No- I cannot go. Thanks, though, I must find a boy- or did well dis-own me… for all this… It is okay.

All see if I can sneak out… here I got an extra one top- not your number but it is fine.

Come on.

Let us go, ha this feels dirty… I like it. Mom, I am going to go play some ball- yep- I will not tell your dad to go! Be back before nightfall- and be clean… and no fun-loving on the field save that for your room girls. I will be back in a little while. Come on. Let us go wink- well be good at being bad their mom. Got it… that fine… she said- ha- we might not even go to the field… then… okay with that… Listen- I okay with this… not dad- so if

you do that- that- you do not speak of it… its own you girls… all-right-ie? Umm-hmm… There that dumb look from my little girl… I knew… what… she is happy. That is all that matters…

Hay- what- Check this out-there in her bed together… so you want to play softball or not today- no- just want to be here with you. (Boys') What? She questioned with flintiness Boy's suck- why would I want that- you are all I need. Now and forever. What? Long slow kisses she on top of my hair falling on my face.

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Jullie- I had no idea who they were talking about, that he is not okay with us doing that it does not like you get a baby out of or something like that… like how that is happens… you do not know… you are 2 years older- see therefore she is cute and sweet. 2 years means a lot… no? - What did he say? That I was going to hell or something like that just for you, a girl loving me and making me feel good down there. Yes, what planet are you from I said to mom dad about this? I want you and that is it.

Jullie- But there was no way, I could let them know. You never heard of this… Is it not that odd? I hear yah- I had

that talk too… yet not with a girl… so I had two talks that were really um… yah… after I am done here with you and then you down there on me you want to go to the softball field.

Jullie- so-o I lied saying I was dating some d*ick of a boy that we go to church with, just to make the town and happy and not to go to they said hell. You

CAN GO TO HELL FOR FEELING LOVE AND HAVE YOU

Jillin' off each other and- Pushing the Red Button with our lips- then so be it. Look at this car of the Great Bambino. Of course, I have it too- why are there no

girls to do this? Because girls like us do nothing in love with the clean house and make boys happy- and get impregnated at some point… do you know what that means? I do- that all my mother good for… ‘I thought you to love you for you- and to love me for me.’ Yes. I guess. Sorry- um no I am not… if it wrong- like I do not want to be right about it… I will always have you and the memories of the summer of softball.

(Back)

Anyway, Keara, that's Celia and Ashleigh Zadah, Jaelynn ‘Squints’ Palledorous, Lee Fredrick- we call her

p*ussie for a week over not asking that boy out that want to go with her… what you came over to the dark said with us we said joking… Sheridan Nunnez and Shanaya Deshaun. We call her Fraps. Gal's, this is Keara, my girlfriend, and now you are a new player, I have been working with her all spring.

Hi. Yes, um, well, she is going to play with us because she is 11. Now we have a whole team. We are wasting time. Let us go to the Softball field. - Havilahny, it is doing you sleep well- yes always with you: oh god look at me in the morning. I know all gross - It is so nice to see you

look like that with- the face, and the hair, and the eyes:

(Nighttime in the lights)

Um like - Why'd you bring her, Havilahny? - Because there are eight of us, and he makes 11. I will ask you again- like- why would you bring her, Havilahny? - Because there are eight of us, and he makes

11 and she mine- end of the story. SHUT UP!

(HUSH FINGER- TO HER FACE.)

Yes, yes, so would my sister, but I did not bring her, she the girl play and

that is it… With 11 gals' we have a whole team, Yeah-Yeah, and you get your ho… at the end of it, what do I get her sister said… my foot in your butt if you do not get off my field- you stink at the game sorry. I guess, I go with a fat butt and get a cream soda… there you go… positive thinking.

(Play your cards right you just might get his without trouble your pants. Wink- oh god kill me… she said with the cute nod.) No. With her, we had a whole team. - She can catch- I would no. I bet you do… she said, one of them over the way – okay then throw- that what she is getting- pitching. - You saw the way she

threw. – Yeah- not bad- right? Come on, Havilahny, girl. She ‘isn't’ game… said the opposing team.

All right. And now I get to rotate eight positions instead of seven. - I need practice, girls. - You're the best on the team. You do not need any practice. - No, you do not. - You're the best, Girl. Come on, Havilahny, Girl. The kid is… -weenie. Yes, yes. Oscar Mayer even- sucks that. I do not suck weenie- not even if it is a Footlong! What are you laughing at, yeah- yes? You run like you have a sick up you are an ass. - Mm, yes about that… do not ask… hush… Okay, okay, but I am- I am-

part of the game, right? NO. Now, how come she does not get to be, the one in…?

Um- because she is a geek, Girl, that would ‘be’ why - she cannot catch nor pitch as this girl can. Girl, base up, you are d*ick-head. Do you not like that remember.? Girl, you take the center, okay? Okay. Um, where exactly is that? It is over there, here, Girl. You and I are here that is called left. I said left-center-right. Okay. Right. Here? Here is the first pass- come on, Havilahny, Girl. Ha, she is never going to throw the ball right anyway. Let us just play. Oh yes, she well… What a jerk. - Yeah-Yeah that is

how she is, gets to yah? Come on! Throw it in here or get off the field. Wow! - Nice.

– Woo- did you see the speed on that- excellent job! - Hey, Girl, throw it to second, and she did - Okay. Out… (All the girls made a gasp.) - Come on, Havilahny. He is never going to catch it. - He's not going to catch it. Oh! I told you, Havilahny. I told you… girls- she hot sh*it! Yes, she is the

Sh*it said- that girl. Come on, Havilahny.

Why would you have done that? A square, Havilahny.

The kid's square. Come on. Throw it in. 1 2 -file ball- out next girl up. Crybaby- go sit on your butt- and suck your thumb… you suck. What is she doing? She is making us look bad that what… I do not believe this- she can be that hot. I said that she said in that cute why twisting the wording to her girlfriends.

You can throw it; you know… Here… Sorry… Sorry… oh no… I cannot- like believe this. I do not knowledge, how you can do that- fastball…

I think I had better go… it getting late… we won yet the girls were not in

love with me for it… it did not matter I had her- right? We hugged and called it a night- Hey, hey. You think too much.

(The next night)

You girls just have fun, this is softball. You got to stop thinking about her over there and play. I mean, if you were having fun, you would have caught that ball. No, you are giving goo-goo eyes to her… we see this… suck asses. When your arm gets here, just let go and throw it at her face. This one was a hard ass. Just let go, and well knock her out- It is that easy.

How do I catch this? This tall girl asked in a grope huddle. Just stand with your fingers in your p*ssy- and let it make your head- that how you dumb sh*it. There and stick your glove out in the air… said another… it is not hard to do… well maybe for you. I will take care of it… side the one with dark hair… About time, Havilahny.

I am going into menopause over here… you do not even have the red death yet- okay then well hurry up- before I get, and it passes by me… scared- No…! It is not that bad, just a week of HELL, that is all.

Okay… why are we talking about me bleeding?

I told you, Havilahny. - They already are Squints. - Shut up! Girls throw it to second. (Fake- groans of what she got in the last game making fun of her for it.) - Not again… are they going to do this grow up and get you- butt heads… it is coming for you too… - (so she spits- to make it seem like she all tough.)

Please pitch it. We are wasting time, Havilahny. Please catch it, please catch it, please catch it. She said as it hit her in the left boob… Yes! That how it is done get in the bra- yah well at least I

have one that not a trannie… Yes, her nose is bigger than her boobs… ha! Like her feet and IQ. - All right! - all right… stop… I told you so, Girl, drop out of school you are dumb. Okay… can you be my man and have my babies then if I do?

Shut up and let us just play some ball. - Yes, let us play some ball, and not with each other for 5 seconds… All right. I knew it… all the time. Yes! Just flash them and get it over with… shut. Hey, the baby boy up there she said to this old man… you like these… she squeezed me in-front of them…

(The fence was rattling with booing over us being we girl on a girl here… I get it.)

(Gasping was made by them…)

I will show you some more tomorrow, okay she said to him this down here.

F-n sick these girls he said… - Okay. Bye. - You did well with the kissing too and the feeling up. See you later, Hun she said to me, tomorrow- 'K.'

Bye… (said) See you tomorrow, Havilahny? - Yes. See you later, Girl.

Havilahny, wait. - Your glove, your hug and kiss me. NIGHT! She took off her hat in there, and let her hair fall like- like a Girl- like I wanted- her to do. Oh, yes. You know, it was the only one I had. But there is a story to this ball… Not anymore. Wear my old hat like my underwear, something to remind you of me… like I am rubbing on you, and the small of me… you will love it.

(New day)

- Oh, um, you got a fireplace. - Oh, yes with number 3’s ball on it.

Oh, yes. Hey, Girl. Her home for the night- Um, bring a T-shirt to sleep in

the okay night- in bed see you tomorrow, okay? Yes, why? tomorrow morning I will eat sugar and milk. Mom, guess what? - Shanaya ‘The Babe’ Chuckles eating to from mom- chest.

New gameplay ball- ‘Long-ball.’ Come on, Nunnez. They were all laughing and picking on Me for wearing her underwire, and hat on the field so much so-o a girl panted me- and her name was on them with love you forever. Ha- ha- Yes, okay. Yes, I see it. Yes.

Do you call that pitching?

This is softball, not tennis.

 Give her a tennis racket, not a bat. - Give me something to hit then loser.

All right, babe This is my heater; I know how to feel her right she said… to the crowds…

 I dare you okay she said- (Boys Shouting- girl loving it… there were all stand and see-though-sh and boy-shorts style. Hot pink- too- and I an adventurous child at heart… not too boyish but you get it.) - Whoa! - (Boys Laughing- their hearts on them…) funny that was that hat was on here… as she runs the bases to get off… and there were more jokes about that… hit it she nude

run down the failure there not why they have this game we do- we do those girls shouted. - You'll be sorry for this she said… running for the dug-out- paint and now too big of undies at her feet.

Ha did even have to go the speakeasy for a free show said, one old man…

3rd round-

- Give that girl a bat. - You want the heater; I will give it to you.

Give her a ball to hit not that covering crap. Maybe then he will hit it, and well keep dressed…

 (Clattering) - Oh, Girl, you have a nice one she said!

The boys said too bad you can see it for all the black hair there- ha…

Yes! That is how you do it. Great, you idiot! I cannot hit that… that is the point… Bab, you idiot. Hit me with the heater one. My turn- you know who I am- her girl- flyer- Now we cannot play anymore. Stupid idiot! Home run… How do you like that… Did they say? High and outside. Just like that, it was all over for the other team.

No!

 Girl! - Girl!

- What are you doing? - Girl, wait!

- Then how do we get the ball back?

I am going to hit you! Called shot by the Babe. - Girl, come back! - Hey gal’s, I will get it! Get off! I was with her last night- Guys, I got to get the ball! What…? The one said that was hearing the dirty ball chat over the way…- You're going to get yourself killed if you go in there! The old train yard…

- Killed, Girl, jeez! There over 100 tracks there- or something like that… yah the story was a girl who lost a leg

dance with one and the track move… and now she has- well one… end of the story… yah she up there looking at you like what the h*ell…

Holy crap, you could have been killed. It is okay only three trains were rushing at me- head-on- and it had to land on the one where there were no side rails on the overpass… and I was chased off by it; yet I made it… just in time.

Yes, yes, true. What are you doing going on those?

Overall that water… and danger… and rusty-ness…

It is good to be fast- love you she said- as I panted for air- back in the hug… do not leave me…

 No, wait! - Get off me!

Now! I WOULD LOVE TOO BABY COME OVER HERE-

Oh - ha she is touching her on the ‘Munds’ and BASS PLAT again.

Stop! Before I toss my cookie’s…

You were leaving, so I just thought I would hop the fence--

 If you were thinking, you would not have thought that. - You cannot go back there.

 We do not have more balls- no unlike you- I do not get more balls... when the ones you have fuzz out… - We do not-like-um- either-

 Kiss it- yah kiss this- kiss it good-bye. And shut up, Ashleigh.

It is gone, Girl. Gone.

The game's over, Girl. We will just get another ball tomorrow; you do not get that that was my grandfather’s ball-number 3- nothing impotent to most- but it was to me... it all I had. - Yes. - We'll never see it again- of what team- New York- WHAT? Why you play with this- it

was for here and you girls that is why… it is just a ball- right?

Girls listen to me, never- ever take mummeries like this and trash them out for me or them… that dumb… okay.

Look, it has more of a story now you added to it.

 But… I-I think- well yes maybe so-o.

Come on, Girl let us walk home into the sunset.

(Girls are Whispering as they are holding hands.)

 Shh!

- Shh! - Be quiet.

- SEE WHAT THERE SAYING- IT GROSS- YOU DON’T WANNA KNOW.

- (Growling) - (Gasp-ING)

New game in the old run-down Vincent field we got a ball-Something got the ball.

(Jullie) Hey, guys, sorry I am late, long story and drama today- feel you in after the game…

- My mom made me put on my jacket, - Shut up!

- Mom- okay your nipples are hard- yet you do not care… (girls laughing)

- And then she made me do the dishes- when I came home for backtalk…

Your poor little mommy made you do the big bad- butt- dishes to be turned on to your shut.

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I have not had anything yet, so how can I have some more of nothing- by you?

- Shut up! - You're killing me, Girl- do not be a P*ss.

 All right. Who cut one? - These are s-mores stuff.

 Okay, pay attention. - Bertram!

First, you take the Bab, balls away- then stick the chocolate on the Bab- and make her not cry. - Then you roast the 'mallow. – and put is her in your sleeping bag. When the 'mallow's flaming, she comes for you… YOU’RE A TARD!

Yes, it is… that was dumb even for her… the shit your girls say…

It has a yellow stain on it- her bra… yep, I have one more than I can say

for you…you stick to rubbing chocolate- on here okay.

Night at my home campfire-

- You're going to set the place on fire, sleeping with her out under the stars… holding hands- yes please - you cover all that up- naked girl’s naked girl- it with the other end you zip the bag you two. - Make me one of those- mountain pies things and she and I will share it in a kiss-ie bite- and turn you all on or off. Just suck face and get it over with said the one.

I do not like that chocolate stuff- said the one girl…

How the HELL do you not like chocolate as a girl?

Messy, but good…

Yes, like- a boy- messy, but good… Try some nah- I knew it.

Okay. Quiet, you.

 (Chattering about boys and what they have and do not have…) - Shh! Shh! Dad is over there- looking at us… Quiet! Are you trying to wake everyone up? Look at these two… go… I just went to go to bed, but no- I must look and hear this... the air in this tent is 100% cummie and fart... Shh! We-e no-o…. That was the

Beast one ever I hear her say. – what the fart? NO.

- Oh, yes! - Shh!

-Jeez, – Dang-dongs.

Shh.

Now quiet.

They said- until forever.

Forever.

Forever.

Forever.

Forever.

Forever.

(Echoing in my mind.)

You are just making this up to scare me.

Oh, yes?

Stick your head out that window… oh, that was just your dad over the way sleeping- not a bear, not a bear… it is all good.

All those stories getting to you- yes, I peed myself a little at the showed… I know that fat butt wants to make us freak us if he can.

…And look down- to see if any boys are creeping on us out here… we

know that if we stay out here past 10:00 dad going to go, and we can do whatever… so shh.

And that what took place… no boys that night just girlie time… under the stars…

Dad finally came around- after giving up on me, and his- well church of 30th years.

Jullie- That night I learned that more than softballs... and a girl had a bit that what I will call it… and my game started-

(New night)

Wow- first hit and it had gone over that fence, and not one of them was ever seen again, that ball was gone… and here it is a ball that was signed by your pap, and I have it funny how things happen. It is yours for being mine- like fate or something…

- even when some brave kid… went to get it to brave she could not- but I knew it was there and I have it for you 10 years later.

- Because when they went over, they vanished, those boys knew that- but us girls are fearless… I knew it was true, that he played here…

 Because when I looked down the line on the past.

I knew; he was from these parts… growing up…

Stays with me- forever, she said- as I remember THE Shut Generation… thinking back- anyways… forever we said- no longer in puppy love, it was love.

 Come on, give it to me. - I want to carry it, and hold on to it forever…

(In her hand)

 Come on. I paid for it. - I want to carry it.

(Looking at it)

- Oh. Whoa! - Give it to

me… and you keep mine… (She passed two years ago.)

(This is all I have… now…)

- What's the matter? – Jeez… Now I thought that I have lived my life… (going down a completely alternative story… yet I remember what could have been- that year- playing softball.)

- Whoa! - Wow (smack) Run- Run - There goes, my baby!

It is time to go home, alone tonight girls… so you all have some family

time… and time away, what can I do? Now I am alone so all alone Whoa-oa no- there crying for each other… There goes my baby in the car… - Whoa, I- I- I- I do not know what I-ah-um going to do.

There she goes she is calling my name- Whoa-oa-a… come on, let us go Mom said.

We got to get – home on time tonight without you talking about it! Did she love me- Mom- ah- Yes! And I worried about you two- become insuperable- with each other. You are never- ever apart. And what is wrong with that? She said

questionably… Nothing really- Mom said back with hesitation.

The night was long, and I did not sleep without her; like- next to me… as you would have imagined.

She and I - Come on. Let us go.

Let us go! Come on! 3- and 0… let us do this…

– Okay… (Everyone is Gossiping about us.) -Was she just playing the game… We got to get to the Softball field. Let us go.

Look at her, she is a painting I am sweating like a pig needing mud.

Where have you been, Liz and Jodi? Now we have a team on the other side… let us go. We have been waiting here forever already. Jodi was perving with a boy and that is why. - Shut up. I was not. -

Yes, yes, you.

Your tongue was hanging out of your head- ha and hanging on his she said, and you were swooning, SHUT UP! OH, SHE

JUST MADE FOR SHE NOT GETTING IT, LIKE SEXY OVER HERE.

Oh, Jodi Shane, my darling lover girl. (Chuckles made by the girls all around.) I said shut up! I have a lot of things on my mind. Rubbing heads is not one of them… or shaking hands… no, but feasting is? Said the girl over number 10… that no one liked. This pop is not working, Havilahny. Keep um- coming like before- what up with you today- no sleep that is what… and it too hot- she has her sleeves rolled up- nice bra… It is 100 degrees out here- you can look at it. You cannot play softball, and the one girl walked up to her and rip her number 14 shirt down both sides making it show her tummy to… like

a loose tank top. – there how do you like that… there just boobs get over it.

(Young- boys are going to be shouting for her…)

- You must call it for the day it is too freaking hot- we should just go swimming- like butt naked. - You got to listen to her, Havilahny. And cool down some… look at you… Vote then. Anybody who wants to be... here said- (I) Not one girl- that end up naked in the pond… and it was dusking- look at these nasty girls- said the one Mom- oh well said mine- it hot and there young. (See all the girls in low light?

Splashing about… yelling… and playing.)

Fine, fine, fine!

Be home at 11:00- Okay- she yelled, and it echoed.

So, what are we going to do? She said as they were side by side… (both girls are laughing) Look two freak pools, honey! Over the way… said their girlfriend… making fun.

(New day it is raining thunder storming.) Mud-a- sliding...

Jullie- Havilahny would have played ball all day, all day, rain, like, tidal

wave, and whatever- love the look of the matted down hair said the one girl. Look at us… like a wet dog- said the one- yah small too. (Thought- Softball was the only thing she cared about… other than me.) But of all the things- we had us- and softball, at the time that was all we needed. Or going to the pool was what he tolerated best if plans changed.

Sleepover- going throw dads stash-

Even though none of us had ever seen a Playboy magazine, we knew what we wanted to look like- never going to look like that down there I said- why- do

not ask… well, those are some boobs she has- yah you wish right… nah- I like just a tank and that is it… feeling like a boy- look at all the fuzz on that thing- u-ha, right? No, look at this one… now say I gross- too. Ha- ha- ha… do not look at it- or were lezzie too!

Which we constantly lied about now wanting yet really did- see my girl was 2 years older see and have and doing before all of us, so yes you get it. We figured going to the pool was the next best thing to being one of those girls- we wanted so to be. I remember you- like this for always- Oh, sexy girl- she said like a weirdo.

(Funny I do.)

Hey, girls- look at this one too… what now play doctor…? Um-hum… like what you see? She runs out of the tent- hot night outside with the girls was the best thing ever- never- ever wanting the sun to come up…

Night swimming- Cannonball!

(Screaming… I am nak-ie… who jones me?)

- Aw, Girl. - Yes, yes.

Too cool.

She does not know what she is doing, up there on the board… nice P*ss

the girl said… she rubs and said yes you like…?

(Ashleigh) She does not know what she is doing- there or there…

What did you want to show her how it has done?

Sure- she said back to that…

(Havilahny) Yeah, she does.

She knows exactly what she is doing, said the other one… the whole time was in the water… looking at her standing there dripping. I have swum here every summer of my young life- some with her some of them all was in the buff, like a

hidden spot- away from all wondering eyes.

Were we girls could be girls…

I cannot take this anymore! And she and I did the most desperate thing... you would - had ever seen- with your eyes. Two little girls were no longer innocent… UM- she said- Let us just do this- One day it became too much… and this girl made out on the board and went all the way inform of us all- BUMPER-TO-BUMPER:

Vagina-to-vagina, JOHNSON BAR'n- MAKE SCISSORS OF SOMEONE- hard coring… said the one girl… in a

Y'all… woo! (Chuckles- look at them go… she showed what she Know's- right girls- she said- like Napoleon a little French d*ick- that she is.) - What's wrong with them not caring about us looking at this? There in the mood that all- you will get is when you are older. - What's she doing to her? If you do not get it do not ask…!!!

(One summer of this… and it lasted a lifetime with me.) She finally snapped- said the youngest of us all- never seeing this. I do not know… SHUT UP AND LOOK- But that is WRONG- then go to the deep end, and swim alone.

(Giggles!)

 Somebody helps- her she is mooning! -

Squints! Are made at her for being dumb…

Somebody helps- her! Come on! You do not know…Move back. Move back- she said. - Come on, Lizzy you do not get it? She is rolling over looking at her sawing- you are dumb- that was good. Never mind! Never mind! She was red-faced… still not getting it. - Come on, - Come on! I will let you in on it over there in a swim… - Come on, Squints. Come on. Like you need to wake up. - Come on,

breathe and I tell you? You can do it! Pull it and move at about, bud!

 Come on, Girl! Come on! - Yes, yes. she looks.

pretty no- here do this.

Oh, God, she looks like a dead fish there to help her.

(Girls) What?

 This magic moment for a girl like you - (Muffled Grunts)

 (Screams) Little pervert! - So different- is this she said… oh, - 8-year-olds.

 Oh, Girl, she is in deep in that sh*it. - And so new to it- lay off some-

Until I kissed you- and made you feel okay you were like her so- remember that.

And then it happened…

It took me her and them by surprise- it rocked… out of her- new to all of us too… what was that? I knew that you felt it too… be what was that? - By the look in her eyes, it was a rush of spraying out! Softer than the summer night sounds heard then the rain pounding down… it was- she said.

This is what it is like for her and me- Everything I want from her and more- she knows you not saying crap to us. Whenever I hold you tight- I feel like you do now…

The magic moment-

While your lips are close to mine, it right…

This feeling will last.

forever and ever… and you will want increasingly… if you find the one. Oh, hey, here are your glasses. Did you plan that? Of course, I did. I have been planning it for years. You, she planned

that right- that! She knew what he was doing! Right?

Yes, it fine… I think… Oh, the magic she the young one of us walked a little taller the next day. We had to tip our hats to her for it. We would not have blamed her for bragging. Not another one among us would've ever in a million years... get there as she did.

She had kissed a Girl, at 8… never… would I- her mom said, that all she knew thank God.

And she had kissed her long and good too. What is wrong with this generation- nothing but shuts, all this

came from you being with those to sin-asses playing softball- it needs to stop. NO- she cried- there the best thing ever to happen to me. She got banned from the pool- whole forever that day. She was missed but we moved on… But- like now- every time she walks by after that, we saw her give thumbs up- like giving a sing- remembering that- that magic moment and we all smiled.

‘All my ladies listen up If that boy isn't giving up. Just lick your lips and swing your hips Girl all you got to say is- My name is no. My sign is no.

My number is no. You need to let it go.

You need to let me go. Need to let you think go.’

-Meghan Trainor

- While your lips are close to mine, kiss me and call me mine. O beautiful she is, knees knocking feeling that feeling, girls talking get your glove and come on. - What's the big deal? Hooked on a feeling… it now the- Night game. Come on. Come on. - Mom, I am going out! In emancipating conflict… of flying balls- ready to be hit, I see her run… all it right with the world, with me.

She was my girl-

Hold my hands- kiss me in the night- (Fireworks Whistling after the game.) Who more than- self- the country loved we were?

Late-night- she had to take a nap- her head on my lap. I shook her softly to get her up… come on- wait for up- I whispered in her eye moving the hair away- then kissing her cheek! - On the of July... the whole sky would brighten up with fireworks, giving us just enough light for a game. We played our best then because, I guess, we all felt like the big leaguers... Now we- be- under -them- the

lights, I hold her butt with both hands before the game stats… I know how she loves that… of some great stadiums.

Havilahny, felt like that all the time- not wanting to let go of each other.

We all knew she was going to go on to improved games, at some point… but she was mine for the summer. Because every time we stopped to watch the sky, I saw nothing but her running in my mind now and forever… on those nights like regular preteenagers, she was always there to call us back to her- not let me go.

You see, for us, softball was a game, and the game was- us- playing it and each other. But for Havilah, softball was life- and manly for me... loving it- and she is loving me for it. Okay, hit it! One on first, one on the second run for home. (Girls are Shouting run- run- run you: S of A- B.) - O beautiful- for spaces sky- under sapphire- blue and deep purple mountains some time feeling her majesty... all I thought, was about her and feel those feelings in and out- And every jot divine- Yes, yes, come on come for her and with her playing with me.

(Fireworks whistling, crackling over our hands her head is on my chest,

her fingers rubbing my body- she is troweling my hair in her fingers.) Havilahny, for spacious skies, IT WAS SHE AND I! This was the need of the innocents- her hair falling all around me. Above the fruited plain, she was all mine… I was not sharing with any boy- ever, not for one single minute.

I am talking about- Her- sweet- Her loving- her like- I love it here in America. You know- God did she would lady her grace on thee- ha like me. He-He- He crowned they do not get us- but we get us- that all that matters.

Yes, she did. – Girl, it was love- and nothing but it! - From sea to shining sea, shall never- ever- ever- ever- leave me! We spent hours there that night. Just lay here with me… hart betting- feeling, seeing touching… eyes looking into eyes… heavy breathing- for each other.

Back off! A boy was next to her asking too many questions- as dumb boys do.

Run!

With me to get to back off… - Come on! Hurry up! - First! Into the woods… as you can think things

happened there too… yet I let that out and of to your mind to go there. Come on!

Come on! Come on! - Come on! Hurry up! - Go, Havilahny!

Yes, yes! I no PG, right?

Think dirty- YOU NO YOU WANT TO!

Oh okay, kiss me here… is all she said to me… under the thick trees.

(She and I are Groaning) - Oh, damn!

New game- new day fresh start to whatever this is…Throw it in! Throw it in! - Get her! Get her!

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Noon. In our field. Oh, no! Fighting- with the girls over there over a boy - Shut your mouth, Phillips. - What'd you say, crap face? I said you should not even be allowed to touch a softball or my boyfriend… his mine not yours ever! PISS on you-you does not own him. You are all an insult to the game, and to him, get off my team I had to say. Come on! We will take you right here, right now! And I did- catfight- one of those hand slapping types where no one gets hurt yet the hair is pulled… and shit is said you do not mean. (All

Shouting in agreement and arguments.) -

Come on! -

You are not good enough to lick the dirt off our cleats like you? - Watch it, jerk. - Shut up, idiot!

- Moron!
- F-n shut!
- Butt sniffer!
- P*ss licker!
- Fart smeller!
- C*mm-ie guzzler (Sniffing) Ah! From the girls…You eat her crap and

others down there for breakfast, lazing geek.

You mix your undies with your mama's jam in them and do not care you still wear um!

- OUUUUHHHAAAh!

- Right on I said.

You bob apples in the toilet and suck on the shit!

- Unlike you, I never took a dump on some girl’s chest or sat on her face- lick and stick that all I am saying!

- Ooh. - You play ball like a girl!

I am a girl-

Really?

Pee-drinking crap face!

D-*-C-K- suck!

V*g- slip breath.

What did you say?

- You heard me.

(At this time, they did know what they all meant yet it was to see who the best at it was. Swearing that is…)

(There all Laughing at me…)

Break it up-the old guys are now on the field.

Tomorrow- okay I said to her blood run down her face- from getting hit in the nose.

All Right- no girls it is over-.

Yes!

Let us go!

We are going to kick their butts tomorrow.

Yes! I remember saying.

- Excellent job. -Jerks. I sit in my hand and shake hers on the other side.

Pre-game- Come on ask her for me.

Do you think she would go out with me? One girl in the field asked me about my sister… sure I can do that- what want to be like us? Umm hum… - Let us see what you got- what this- no not that- let the waistband of your pants go- God.

Play ball! Hurry up, batter. It is going to be a short game, and I got to get home for lunch today. (Snickers for other girls- daddy going to bath you too…) That is one. Sucked hard for it was true, yet she plays with it…! What's daddy say about that- he knows… SHUT UP- it is not something to talk about.

The batter said from the other team- The Swinging Singles ladies- You know, if I had a dog as ugly as you, I would have killed it by hanging it on my flowerpot hook outside my door. The heater. I said- I would shave her P*ssy and tell her to walk on her hands for me. And she missed the ball by a mile and throw the batt in the swing… it that girl in the girl box with it… both looking at me with that pelvic bone vagina slap -face look- you know bent overlooking up- all goo-g-a-lie- 2- Here it comes, in the teeth… why to play dirty… and hardcore said the one girl on my team. I dare you- you to do it again- yelp- she did and

chipped her tooth… good times- good times… Strike three.

You are out-and she went home to daddy crying- sitting naked in the bath for him to wash the blood off for talking crap to my girl!

Hey, is that your sister out there in left field, naked? She was targeted by one of the fighters on the other side, like before… she went for the bottoms and rip them down her legs, this time there were no undies on her small body- for she was not having a repeat of before… so- this was better Mom said. You know the sexy call she got for that

one by the cowards… - She's naked. - Shut up…! Hey, hey, hey, look at the little fuzzball out there…

-I am just trying to have a little friendly conversation with her mom know what we must put up with these two. Come on. Show me your stuff, she said… I see it but it does not get old.

 Hey, batter, batter, batter! See this-

(She points over and over) this is my butt- (she bent some to the left- butt popped and pushed out to the one side) - Yō- you- kiss it! Nice but hun now um- ah- cover it up!

- Take him out! - (Girls are shouting- things that would get your mouth washed out with soap.)

- Come on! - Bring it!

- Oh! Beat Yah… Home- safe!

Throw it to third!

Got it- Got it- um- do not get it- UMM-ha- they both hit hard- the coward- ow-wah! That is going to hurt! Eyes tighten and squinting… in feeling pain… (this is footballing no need to pull on the shirt dumb girl…)

Jullie- We were all walking in midair that night or so it seemed. It had

been a rock-hard win. We beat the crap out of those gals in more than one way. So, we all went to celebrate- up at the cream stand- an old train station made into this. (Sniffing… she was…) The best! We have done all summer girls. Mom- Jeez, Girl. I suppose prod of you… and your grandfather would be too. Come on. I want some of your Ice-cream to let me have a lick. Sick- sick said, one girl. - Mm. Mm.

Mm. she said- o-uh you are all sickie- yah I am- so you like my cheek too?

- Yeah! - Yes!

Mm!

 Yeah-hah! - Yes!

You two stop before I yack on the cream…

All right!

Yes!

While I am gone, you are the Girl of the house.

Understand? - Where are you going? – Chicago overnight… so you are here in New York- as a grown-up for the weekend… - Okay. - Okay. On business for a week… is what your dad said- so that is

why I am going with him… you get it…

Yes,

Mom… keep um- next to you…

- Take care of things for me.

- Okay.

 All right? - I will.

 Okay.

Be a good girl… said dad, like I was 5 years old.

 I will. - Okay.

Hey girls- I have some of my dad's- Tequila and we all chugged it down- the next day was so awesome-

(Vomiting) - (Vomiting) - (Vomiting) Oh, that feels better. Thank you: crapper rim for being cold… Oh, okay. Mom was cool about their dad no… his little girl was the shut off the century… and that was not what he wanted with me. Mom- Honey, are you feeling all right? You look kind of pale. - I am fine, Mom. - Are you sure? - I am fine. – I am all right.

There was more nakedness in one home than your eyes would have believed those nights… But the day we all got back together for some softball... the same weekend in the mud… ass naked this time- even more fun playing in the thunderstones said, one girl. Mudslide's…

it was just us girls we knew agents well us girls… so, 5 and 5. It was the day I got us into the biggest pickle of all time, the day I got my period, and it ran- inform them all.

Oh, Girl.

I do not believe it.

 Bitchin'. (Havilahny)

No, it is not yes, it is I would no- oh wow.

Like- you ever busted the guts out of a ball- that is how she is feeling now.

 Must be an omen- no it not like that- does your mom teach you anything? - All's it means are you getting older. It is only a week of hell: and I just ruined the entire day for us, boys get off easy in life… no? said one girl. No, you did not.

That is the most amazing thing I ever saw, said the one… why?

So, we keep making more of us… I heard Mom say about it.

Game over-

 Yeah. - (Havilahny) Anybody got any money we- can go to a movie? What, you got extra cents lying around,

Girl? Yep, for you… I do. Well just sneak in the back door. Movie? Yes, we can, (All) No- you girls have fun it will just be she and I. – okay then, because now we cannot play no more with this so- we were in the darkroom looking into each other's eyes- you know the love scene was right. Popcorn and kissing… freaking out all the old men in the room too… by feeling her up. We walked off and I heard- I got it, guys! I got it! I got the ball, guys! It was the saddest feeling ever- yet I was with her so… you win some you lose some… I got it. Right here, guys… I see the ball in her hand as I walk off feeling like crap. I got the ball.

I got it.

Batter up! One week later or so- Here, Havilahny. I got it. - Bitchin'. Your ball to pitch, you are up, God it feels good to play some- Here you go… coming your way.

 Okay. All right. Come on. Sheridan, here. Come on. Yes, come on! Fastball! She spoke. (Sighs) Your fly's open, oh yes just getting some air up in there… that all- I no. Yes, you-a got-a air it out-a sometimes- all part of being a woman…

(Snickers) HA- ha- ha! The look she gave- just flipping killed us…

(All) Hey, batter, batter, batter! Swing…

You suck-

‘You suck at life- shut up!’ There is one.

One, two, three.

Three strikes, three pitches.

 Come on, Girl! - Hey, batter, batter, batter!

Oh, my freaking lord-e.

Oh, Girl.

 Run! – dumb shit run- Yes!

Way to go, school beat meat!

I taught her everything she knew.

Everything….!

…?…

Me- Oh, Girl, that was great.

Her- That went clear over.

Her- Hey, uh, Girl, third base is that way.

We won…

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The 4th. Mom- Hey, that my Girl. Dad- Girl you are doing it. Said up in the stands… - Go to third. - Oh, no. Oh, no.

Yes! Nice hit, Girl. Nice hit. Yes! Said, my dad. - Oh, no. - It is out of here! She spoke. Who has the bat hit now? This -> girl <- right here. She double points at her chest over and over.

Yells- Girl! Yells-

Woo's too. ‘What is she doing rubbing her nipples said one girl…?’ Ha- all of them were giggling. The shock of his first homer was just too much for her. Yes. And she thought she could only pitch? She got home- good for her… beginners' luck… We got to get that ball back. - Oh, yes, right- it is on. - Good one,

Girl. - (Laughing) Yeah, the good one, Girl.

God- I feel all sweaty- you were it well- I said to her. Gross…! Eyes looking at me weirdly down the line for saying it. (Are you kidding me looks mixed with repulsed and loathing.)

- Fagot!
- Whoa, what? I said… ah-

(sighing) defending her like always.

- That the dude- man?

One of the others said.

- Oh- she looks up dumbly.

 Yep! I said shaking my head… side to side… left and right- you get you are not a dumb bum like she is… or are you…?

Hey, forget about it, Girl.

Let us get another ball game.

‘Yen-all No if you don't understand it! And yen all don’t get what you're saying they don’t say if- you look like a dumb bum! - she said.’

Listen to me, Girl.

It is a matter of life and death, just get smarter… before talking crap about her.

The story started-

Did you play with the babe? - Played with him in a field? - Yeah, but I was going to bring it- what the ball I have- but I knew how you girls would be about it. - signed by Babe Ruth… yep. This is true… I have seen it… like I have seen all of her… she giggles… like I am smoothing you are not.

Yes. Yes. Yes. I do not believe it- You keep telling me that. Who is she? He was a New York Yankee, to do what was never- ever done- and what was that- suck a bass ball bat with no teeth…? Said the girl… funny… I said not giggling. George

Herman Ruth Jr. was an American professional baseball player whose career in Major League Baseball spanned 22 seasons, from 1914 through 1935. With the most hits ever…

What?

What?

(Together) Babe Ruth!

The Great Bambino!

Oh, my God! You mean that is the same guy?

(All) Yes!

It is now 1947 lookup girls there he is sitting in the stands… yes, that one… right there.

Wow, that man?

Girl, Babe Ruth is the greatest softball player that ever played.

That night ended with all the girls getting a hug… and strong wording… of how we are not like him- yet just a little like him in playing the game. I like this one she flashed me… he said. You want to play- nah- that is up to you no- I really cannot.

I had a dream that night about a giant softball…

All the tanks are now signed by Babe Ruth... it was the last game… anyways and now look at this little tank I wore back then… and here is hers… forever a part of our lives.

9

75 years passed-

Yeah, I tried too. I stayed connected with those girls over the years, yet we grew up and apart. I found out that After high school year passed, but as you would get, they all made their own lives. Of course, we all know why boys take over jobs and move on. From a small town- just outside New York. The mouthy

girl I never saw again after that summer. Celia and Ashleigh became an architect, decent work for a woman of the moving past the ways of the 50’ and finally making it in the 1960s. The field became, a junkyard- now too small, for modern kids to play in… or so they say, it is not good enough.

Yet, it was never- ever about that- being good enough- it was about fun and the game, kids today not know that… they never see this, they do not want to. My old houses were ripped down- and now has nothing but weeds gowning… in the land lot that it once was. Her home became mini-malls in the 1950s and now

looks like a dump- funny that is when you know you lived too long seeing it being built and then ripped down too. Bethany Peffercorn is now married and passed 5 years ago- her kids do not even care to hear the story. They have nine kids a-paces or so- they are brats, that care only about here on little lives.

Shanaya Deshaun became a professional writer- for a newspaper- she was hit by a car in a Walmart parking lot in the year 2014 or something like that. My or my girl never got to the majors, but we dreamed- something kids do not do anymore- and that has a dream. One girl's man- (cannot remember her name…) like-

he owns his own business for a while and lost everything- including her, and the coaches a little league team... in Pennsylvania.

I was the last one to move away when the town was shut down and forgotten… and me… the same… all I have is this tank- the black and white photo, and my fading mommies… and like this story to it will be forgotten. That is all I have to say- that is my story… you will not be seeing me again… old age well gets you.

The others are no longer with us… I have the names and dates here… I am the last one on the team as always…

10

Last pitch- I said looking at the photo- saying it weekly- holding the ball- shaking- that brought us together… I will see you for a new game… ha- The Shut Generation.

(You can see the ball on the stone- next to her old friend- were it to fade to nothing- but dust- in the wind like on the softball field. – for she had no one to pass it down to- that took an interest in

her ball or story in the new generations- that is why it is here.)

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(Jaylynn's story of being ever-so-transfix)

One apron a time there, was once an ironic gentleman whose wife lay sickening, with cancer, and when she felt her finish coming, and portrayal close… she christened- to her only daughter to come near her bed, and said: 'darling teenager, be moral, ethical, honest and virtuous, and God, and the one above, that sing the phrase all the days, will always take care of you, in times of low;

and, I will look down upon you from heaven high, and will be with you, till the end of your days.'

Besides, then she fastened her eyes and passed to that place where all they did was sing, and love, unlike this world we all live in. The girl went every single day to her mother’s headstone, and cried, and was continuously devout and respectable.

As soon as the wintertime arose, the snowflake, icy, and slush covered the gray stone with a silvery cold feeling, casing with a covering, and when the sunshine originated in the premature

spring of flower- blossom, and bud, then melted away, the gentleman he took to himself another companion.

The new companion brought two young teenage descendants' girl’s- home with her, besides, they were gorgeous, stunning, attractive, and elegant, in addition to that impartial in attendance, nevertheless, at emotion, core, and hart, were obscure, dark, and horrible, and so-o nasty. Besides, then commenced very wicked, malevolent, spiteful, mean, and evil times, for the unfortunate underprivileged stepdaughter.

'Is the stupid creature to sit in the same room with us?' Said they; 'those who eat food must earn it. She is nothing but a kitchen-maid!' They took away her pretty dresses, and put on her an old gray kirtle, and gave her wooden shoes to wear.

'Just gaze now at the delighted princess, how she so-o decked out!' blubbered they are chuckling, and amusement, and then they directed her into the galley.

Around her she was obliged to do weighty work from morning to night, get up early in the morning, draw water, be

the chef for them, make the fires, and wash down, and do all the crab-ie jobs.

As well that, the sisters did their greatest nuisances to her just to get at her- mocking her, in all ways even when she just wants- 'me time' and scattering peas, besides lentils amongst the fragments, also setting her to pick them up.

Trendy in the twilights, when she was moderately exhausted out with her hard day’s work, she had no bed to lie on but was appreciative to rest on the family life among the embers.

Above, and beyond, for the reason, that she continuously always looked dusty and dirty, and grubby, and crusty, as if she had slept in the ashes, sanders, and remnants; they named her Jaylynn.

The happened, one day that the daddy went to the fair, and he enquired about his two stepdaughters what he ought to fetch back for them. 'Fine outfits!'

'Gems and pieces of jewelry!'

'Nonetheless, what will you have, Jaylynn…?'

'The foremost understand, daddy, that forays in contradiction of your hat on the way home; that is what, I, myself, for one, should- um- like for you to fetch me- like- now.'

So, he bought for the two stepdaughters fine dresses, clothes, garments, and outfits, treasures, and charms, gems, and on his way back, as he rode through a jade lane, a hazel stick collide with against his hat; besides, he penniless it off, and carried it home with him.

Besides, when he reached home, he gave the stepdaughters what they had

wished for, and to Jaylynn, he gave the hazel stick.

She thanked him and went to her mother’s grave, and established this stick there, weeping so-o, severely, that the sobbing droplets fell upon it and soaked it, and it throve and turned out to be some good strong, up till now, young, tree.

Jaylynn went to see it three times a day and cried and prayed, and each time, a silver birdie ascended from the tree, and if she articulated any wish the birdie carried her of any kind, she had desired, wanted, and longed for…

Here and now, it happened, that the Ruler certain a centenary, that ought to last for three days, and to which all the attractive, lovely, young, sweet, lady teen of that kingdom was bidden, so that the King’s young teen-ager child, might choose a bride from among them.

As soon as the five stepdaughters heard that they too were bidden to give the impression, they felt selfsame satisfied, and they baptized Jaylynn, and said, 'Comb our hair, brush our shoes, and make our buckles fast, we are going to the wedding feast at the King’s big French-like castle, that was at the end of a sparkly long village.'

After she heard this, Jaylynn could not help crying, for she too would have liked to go to the ball, and she begged her stepmother to permit her.

'What! You Jaylynn!'

'In all your dust, dirt, and muckiness, you want to go to the jubilee!'

'You, that have no gown, besides no shoes!'

'You want to dance!'

Nevertheless, as she keeps it up in requesting, at last, the stepmother alleged, 'I have strewed a dishful of lentils in the ruins of sanders, and if you can

pick them all up o'er in five hours or like-so-o you may go with us.'

Formerly the maiden went to the backdoor, that ran into the orchard, and called out, 'Oh- tender doves, Oh- Oh- turtledoves, and all the birds that be, hear me- the lentils that in ashes lie, arise and pick up for me! The moral essential be put in the dish, the immoral you may eat if you wish.'

Then there came to the kitchen-window five white doves, and after them some turtledoves, and at last a crowd of all the birds under heaven, chirping and fluttering, and they alighted among the

ashes; and the doves nodded with their heads, and began to pick, peck, pick, peck, and then all the others began to pick, peck, pick, peck, and put all the good grains into the dish. Before an hour was over all was done, and they flew away.

Then the earliest brought the dish to her stepmother, feeling elated, and rational, that now she should go to the banquet; but the stepmother said, 'No, Jaylynn, you have no appropriate garments, and you do not know how to dance, and you would be giggled at!'

Besides, when Jaylynn, cried for dissatisfaction, she added, 'If you can pick five dishes full of lentils out of the ruins, nice and clean, you shall go with us:' discerning to herself...

'For that is not likely.'

When she had thrown

five plates full of lentils amongst the ashes the maiden went through the backdoor into the orchard, and wept, the lentils that in ashes lie Come and pick up for me! 'Oh- Oh- calm doves, Oh- turtle-doves, besides all the birds that be, the good must be put in the dish, the bad you may trouble if you demand.'

So, there came to the kitchen-window five white doves, and then some turtledoves, and at last a crowd of all the other birds under heaven, tweeting and panicking, and they alighted among the remains, and the doves nodded with their heads and began to preference, kiss, élite, smooch, and then all the others commenced to choose, kiss, pick, peck, and lay all the good ounces into the plate.

Besides, by that earlier half-an-hour was over, it was all finished, and they flew away. Previously, the earliest took the dishes to the stepmother, feeling thrilled, and thinking that now she should go with them to the dinner; but she said,

'All this is of no good to you; you cannot come with us, for you have no proper dresses, and cannot dance; you would put us to disgrace.' Then she turned her back on poor Jaylynn and made haste to set out with her five proud daughters.

Furthermore, as there was no one left in the house, Jaylynn went to her mother’s tombstone, under the hazel lush bush, and cried sobbed, 'Slight tree, petite tree, shake over me, that shiny and gilded may come down, and cover me.' Then the bird threw down an article of clothing and types of dresses, and a pair of slippers overstated with silk and silver.

And in all haste, she put on the dress and went to the celebration.

Nevertheless, her stepmother and sisters did not know her and believed she must be an overseas Princess, she looked so beautiful in her white into a pink dress. Of Jaylynn, they never thought at all, and hypothetical, that she was sitting at home, and picking the lentils out of the vestiges.

The King’s son came to meet her and took her by the hand and danced with her, and he rejected to stand up with anybody else so that he might not be obliged to let go her hand, to hold and her

to kiss all over; and when anyone came to claim it, he answered, 'She is my lover.'

Moreover, when the evening came, she wanted to go home, but the prince said, he would go with her to make love- and more love in and of her, for he wanted to see where the beautiful girl lived.

Nevertheless, she escaped him and jumped up into the sucker-house. Then the Prince waited until the father came and told him the strange girl had jumped into the sucker-house.

The father thought to himself, 'It surely cannot be Jaylynn,' and called for

hatchets, and had the sap house cut down, but there was no one in it.

Above and beyond when they entered the house there sat Jaylynn in her dirty clothes among the cinders, and a little oil lamp burnt dimly in the chimney; for Jaylynn had been very speedy, swift, and had hoped, and skipped out of the dupe house again, and had run to the hazel grasslands; and there she had taken off her lovely dress and had laid it on the grave and was standing in her undergarments, and the bird had carried it away again, and then she had put on her little steely kirtle over, and had sat down in the kitchen among the cinders.

The day next, when the commemoration began once more, and the parents and stepsisters had gone to it, Jaylynn, only age 13, went to the hazel bush and cried, 'Slight tree, petite tree, shake over me, that silvery and gilded may come down and cover me.'

Then the bird cast down a still more splendid dress than on the day before.

And when she appeared in it among the guests everyone was astonished at her beauty. The prince had been waiting until she came, and he took her hand and danced with her alone. And

when anyone else came to invite her, he said, 'She is my partner.' And when the evening came, she wanted to go home, and the prince followed her, for he wanted to see to what house she belonged; but she broke away from him and ran into the garden at the back of the house.

There stood a fine large tree, bearing splendid pears; she leaped as lightly as a squirrel among the branches, and the prince did not know what had become of her.

So, he waited until the father came, and then he told him that the

strange maiden had rushed from him and that he thought she had gone up into the pear tree. The father thought to himself, 'It surely cannot be Jaylynn,' and called for an ax, and fell into the tree, but there was no one in it. And when they went into the kitchen there sat Jaylynn among the cinders, as usual, for she had gotten down the other side of the tree and had taken back her beautiful clothes to the bird on the hazel bush and had put on her old gray kirtle again.

On the third day, when the paternities and the stepchildren had set off, Jaylynn went once more to her mother’s grave, and said to the tree,

'Slight tree, petite tree, shake over me, that silvery and gilded may come down and cover me.' Then the bird cast down a dress, the like of which had never been seen for splendor and brightness, and slippers that were gold.

Besides, when she looks as if in this dress at the feast nobody knew what to say for wonderment. The prince danced with her alone, and if someone else asked her he replied, 'She is my wife and lover.'

Then when it was evening Jaylynn wanted to go home, and the prince was about to go with her, when she ran past

him so hurriedly that he could and would not follow her.

But he had laid a plan and had instigated all the steps to be spread with pitch, so-o that as she hurried down them the left shoe of the girl remained penetrating in it.

The prince picked it up and saw that it was gold, and very minor and slim.

The next morning, he went to the father and told him that no one should be his wife-to-be save the one whose foot the golden shoe should fit.

Then the five sisters were glad, because they had pretty feet. The

firstborn went to her room to try on the shoe, and her mother stood by.

But then again, she could not get her great toe into it, for the shoe was too small; then her mother handed her a knife, and said, 'Cut the toe off, for when you are Queen you will never have to go on foot.'

So, the girl cut her toe off, enfolded her foot into the shoe, concealed the pain, and went down to the prince. Then he took her with him on his horse as his bride and rode off.

They had to pass by the grave, and there sat the five pigeons on the

hazel bush, and cried, 'There they go, there they go! There is blood on her shoe; The shoe is too small, not the right bride at all!'

Then the Prince looked at her shoe and saw the blood flowing. And he twisted his horse round and took the false bride home again, reverbing she was not the right one, and that the other sister must try on the shoe.

So, she went into her room to do so and got her toes comfortably in, but her heel was too large.

Then her mother handed her the knife, saying, 'Cut a piece off your heel;

when you are Queen, you will never have to go on foot.' So, the girl cut a piece off her heel, and thrust her foot into the shoe, concealed the discomfort, agony, and went down to the prince, who took his fiancée before him on his horse and rode off, for a night they would never-ever forget, as young lovers should.

When they passed by the hazel bush the five chumps sat there and wept, wishing, and hoping for a man, and a life… like hers.

'There they go, there they go! There is blood on her shoe; The shoe is too small, not the right bride at all!'

Then the Prince looked at her foot and saw how the blood was flowing from the shoe and staining the white stocking. And he turned his horse around and brought the false bride home again. 'This is not the right one,' he said, 'have you no other daughter?'

'Nope,' said the man, 'only my dead wife left behind her a little stunted Jaylynn; it is unbearable,

that she can be the newlywed.'

But then again, the King’s son ordered her to be sent for, but the mother said, 'Oh no! she is much too dirty, I could not let her be understood.'

Nonetheless, he would have fetched her, and so Jaylynn had to look as if.

First, she washed her face and hands quite cleanly, and went in and cursed to the prince, who held out to her the golden shoe. Then she sat down on a stool, drew her foot out of the heavy wooden shoe, and slipped it into the golden one, which fitted it perfectly.

And when she stood up, and the prince observed in her expression, he knew another time the lovely young girl that had danced with him, and he cried,

'This is the right bride- I love this girl now and always!'

The stepmother and the five sisters were thunderstruck and grew pale with anger, but he put Jaylynn before him on his horse and rode off.

And as they approved the hazel bush, the five white pigeons cried, 'There they go, there they go! No blood on her shoe; The shoe’s not too small, the right fiancée, and love maker for is she, after all, I all I ever wanted- and more.'

And when they had thus cried, they came flying after and perched on

Jaylynn’s shoulders, one on the right, the other on the left, and so remained.

And when her marriage to the prince was selected to be held the false sisters came, hoping to curry favor and to take part in the partying.

So, as the wedding processions went to the church, the eldest walked on the right side and the younger on the left, and the sapping suckers, picked out an eye of each of them.

Also, as they refunded the elder was on the left side and the younger one on the right and the chumps picked out the other eye of each of them. Then so-o

they were predestined to go blind for the rest of their years, days and loves makings to mind and soul, since of their nonsense and tale, was over.

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